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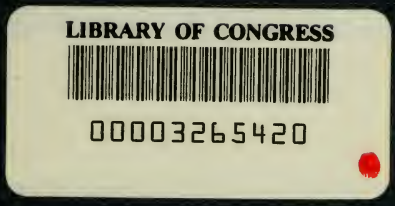

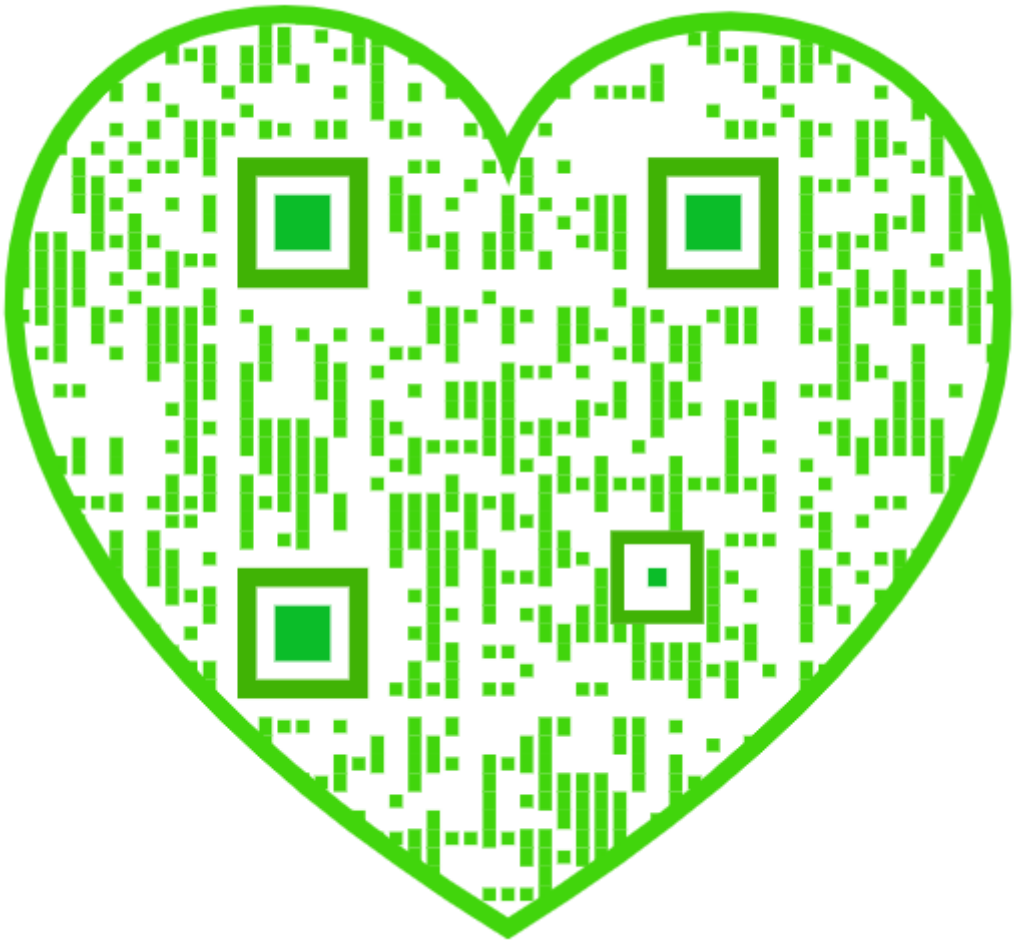

SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION.

OTHER WORKS ON PHONETICS BY THE SAME AUTHOR.

A SHAKESPEARE PHONOLOGY, with a Rime-Index to the Poems as a Pronouncing Vocabulary. (Companion volume to A SHAKESPEARE READER.) Marburg: *Elwert*. XVI, 290 pp. Paper covers, 5 m. 40; cloth, 6 m.

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WIE IST DIE AUSSPRACHE DES DEUTSCHEN ZU LEHREN? Marburg: *Elwert*. 4th ed. 1906. 33 pp. Paper covers, 60 pf.

ELEMENTE DER PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 5th ed. 1905. XIII, 386 pp. Paper covers, 7 m. 20; cloth, 8 m.

KLEINE PHONETIK DES DEUTSCHEN, ENGLISCHEN UND FRANZÖSISCHEN. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 4th ed. 1905. XVI, 132 pp. Paper covers, 2 m. 40; cloth, 2 m. 80.

(English edition: ELEMENTS OF PHONETICS, ENGLISH, FRENCH AND GERMAN. Translated and adapted by Walter Rippmann from Prof. Viëtor's "Kleine Phonetik." London: *Dent & Co.* 1899. 4th thousand. X, 137 pp. Cloth, 2 s. 6 d. net.)

DIE AUSSPRACHE DES SCHRIFTDEUTSCHEN. Mit phonetischen Texten. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 6th ed. 1905. VIII, 119 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; boards, 1 m. 80.

GERMAN PRONUNCIATION: Practice and Theory. Leipzig: *Reisland*. 3rd ed. 1903. VIII, 137 pp. Paper covers, 1 m. 60; cloth, 2 m.

DE UITSPRAAK VAN HET HOOGDUITSCH. Voor Nederlanders bewerkt door W. Viëtor en T. G. G. Valette. Haarlem: *de Erven F. Bohn*. 2nd revised ed. 1902. IV, 48 pp. Paper covers, 50 cts.

DEUTSCHES LESEBUCH IN LAUTSCHRIFT. Leipzig: *Teubner*. Part I. 2nd ed. 1904. XII, 158 pp. Part II. 1902. VI, 139 pp. Cloth, 3 m. each.

SHAKESPEARE'S PRONUNCIATION

A SHAKESPEARE READER

IN THE OLD SPELLING
AND WITH A PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION

BY

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OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND, &c.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I
pronounced it to you . . ."

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PREFACE.

In order to illustrate what I believe to be the pronunciation of Shakespeare, I have selected a variety of extracts for *vivâ voce* reading from Venus and Adonis, The Rape of Lucrece, and the Sonnets, and from all the plays in the first Folio, with the exception of The Comedy of Errors, Henry VI., Troilus and Cressida, and Titus Andronicus. I venture to hope that the familiar passages here presented in a phonetic form will thus gain a new antiquarian interest, without losing anything of their old power and charm. In spite of the deplorable state of the text and other difficulties I have not resisted the temptation to include in this unpretending "Shakespeare revival" part of the amusing French scene in Henry V.

My sincerest thanks are due to Lektor H. Smith, M. A., of Marburg, and to Dr. A. Buchenau, of Darmstadt, for the trouble they have taken in helping to secure the typographical correctness of the texts. Most of the sheets have also been kindly revised by Herr stud. phil. W. Schwank and Herr stud. phil. F. Tischner.

Marburg, July 1906.

W. V.

ABBREVIATIONS.

F = (first) Folio. Q = (first) Quarto.
om. = omitted. Q_2 = second Quarto.

Other contractions do not require any explanation.

KEY TO PHONETIC TRANSCRIPTION.

(Reprinted from A Shakespeare Phonology, §§ 4, 6 and 7.)

*** The phonetic notation is that of the Association Phonétique Internationale.

VOWELS.

	Palatal, or Front.	*Mixed.*	*Velar, or Back.*
High.	i:, i, ij, iu		u:, u, uw
Mid.	e:, e, eu	ə	o:, o, oi, ou
Low.	æ:, æ, æi		a:

Shakespearian Sounds. *Modern Sounds.*

[i:] in *be* = Northern E. *e* in *be;* no after-glide.
[i] » *lip* = *i* in *lip.*
[ij] » *by* = exaggerated London E. (and usual Cockney) *e* in *be.*
[iu] » *due* = *u* in *due;* the first element stressed.
[e:] » *sea* = Northern E. *ea* in *bearing.*
[e] » *let* = *e* in *let.*
[eu] » *few* = *e* in *let* followed by *oo* in *too;* the first element stressed.
[æ:] » *name* = *a* in *can,* long.
[æ] » *can* = *a* in *can;* the less palatal Northern E. variety.

[æi] » *day* = *a* in *can* followed by *e* in *be;* opener than *ay* in *day.*
[a:] » *saw* = Northern E. and Cockney *a* in *father.*
[o:] » *go* = less open than *aw* in *saw;* like the first element of *ow* in *own.*
[o] » *on* = less open than *o* in *on.*
[oi] » *joy* = *oy* in *joy;* the first element, however, less open.
[ou] » *own* = *ow* in *own* (cf. [o:]).
[u:] in *too* = Northern E. *oo* in *too;* no after-glide.
[u] » *up* = *u* in *put.*
[uw] » *how* = exaggerated London E. *oo* in *too.*

All the vowels, when unstressed, are more or less obscured, verging on [ə] (which is now used for *a* in *about, o* in *bishop,* &c.).

CONSONANTS.

	Labial.	*Dental.*	*Palatal, or Front.*	*Velar, or Back.*
Stops.	b-p	d-t		g-k
Nasals.	m	n		ŋ
Liquids.		l, r		
Continuants.	w, v-f	đ-θ, z-s, ʒ-ʃ	j-ç	x

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A SHAKESPEARE READER.

PRELIMINARY NOTICE.

THE following texts are printed from the first Quarto of each of the poems, and from the first Folio of the plays respectively. Mistakes have been corrected in the text, the original readings, except in the case of irrelevant irregularities in punctuation and the like, being given in a note.

In accordance with the companion volume, A Shakespeare Phonology, the phonetic transcription is intentionally general and simple. As word and sentence stress are wholly or mostly the same as in present English, and as occasional deviations in word stress are sufficiently indicated by the metre, they have not been marked. Similarly, weak vowels have not been distinguished from the corresponding strong vowels; thus [æ] is used for [ǽ] as well as for [æ], *ago* e. g. appearing as [ægo:], i. e. [ǽ'go:], and almost [ə'go:]. Phonetic doublets have been only sparingly added. Fluctuations in quantity are pointed out by inserting (:) into the text. Where the (:) is restricted to riming words, as in the case of *love* = [lu(:)v], the meaning is that Shakespeare possibly deviated from his regular form in order to improve the rime.

From Venus and Adonis.

Loue comforteth like ſun-ſhine after raine,
But luſts effect is tempeſt after ſunne,
Loues gentle spring doth alwayes freſh remaine,
Luſts winter comes, ere ſommer halfe be donne:
Loue ſurfets not, luſt like a glutton dies:
Loue is all truth, luſt full of forged lies.

* * *

Lo here the gentle larke wearie of reſt,
From his moyſt cabinet mounts vp on hie,
And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſiluer breſt,
The ſunne ariſeth in his maieſtie,
Who doth the world so glorioufly behold,
That Ceader tops and hils, ſeeme burniſht gold.

Venus ſalutes him with this faire good morrow,
Oh thou cleare god, and patron of all light,
From whom ech lamp, and ſhining ſtar doth borrow,
The beautious influence that makes him bright,
There liues a ſonne that ſuckt an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou doeſt lend to other.

This ſayd, ſhe haſteth to a mirtle groue,
Muſing the morning is ſo much ore-worne,
And yet ſhe heares no tidings of her loue;
She harkens for his hounds, and for his horne,
Anon ſhe heares them chaunt it luſtily,
And all in haſt ſhe coaſteth to the cry.

From Venus and Adonis.

luv kumforteθ lijk sunʃijn æfter ræin,
but lusts efekt iz tempest æfter sun;
luvz dʒent,l spriŋ duθ a:lwæiz freʃ remæin,
lusts winter kumz e:r sumer ha:f bi dun;
luv surfets not, lust lijk æ gluton dijz;
luv iz a:l triuθ, lust ful ov fordʒed lijz.

* * *

ɹo:, he:r ðe dʒent,l lærk, we:ri ov rest,
from his moist kæbinet muwnts up on hij,
ænd wæ:ks ðe morniŋ, from hwu:z silver brest
ðe sun ærijzeθ in hiz mædʒestij;
hwu: duθ ðe world so glo:rĭusli bihould,
ðæt se:der-tops ænd hilz si:m burniʃt gould.

ve:nus sæliuts him wið ðis fæir gud-moro::
"o: ðuw kle:r god, ænd pætron ov a:l lijt,
from hwu:m e:tʃ læmp ænd ʃijniŋ stær duθ boro:
ðe beutĭus infliuens ðæt mæ:ks him brijt,
ðer livz æ sun ðæt sukt æn e(:)rθli muðer,
mæi lend ði: lijt, æz ðuw dust lend tu uðer."

ðis sæid, ʃi hæ(:)steθ tu æ mirt,l gro:v,
miuziŋ ðe morniŋ iz so mutʃ o:rworn,
ænd jit ʃi he:rz no tijdiŋz ov her lu(:)v:
ʃi hærk,nz for hiz huwndz ænd for hiz horn:
ænon ʃi he:rz ðem tʃænt it lustilij,
ænd a:l in hæ(:)st ʃi ko:steθ tu ðe krij.

And as ſhe runnes, the buſhes in the way,
Some catch her by the necke, ſome kiſſe her face,
Some twine[1] about her thigh to make her ſtay,
She wildly breaketh from their ſtrict imbrace,
Like a milch Doe, whoſe ſwelling dugs do ake,
Haſting to feed her fawne, hid in ſome brake.

* * *

SHE lookes vpon his lips, and they are pale,
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold,
She whiſpers in his eares a heauie tale,
As if they heard the wofull words ſhe told:
She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
Where lo, two lamps burnt out in darkneſſe lies.

Two glaſſes where her ſelfe, her ſelfe beheld
A thouſand times, and now no more reflect,
Their vertue loſt, wherein they late exceld,
And euerie beautie robd of his effect;
Wonder of time (quoth ſhe) this is my ſpight,
That thou being dead, the day ſhuld yet be light.

Since thou art dead, lo here I prophecie,
Sorrow on loue hereafter ſhall attend:
It ſhall be wayted on with iealouſie,
Find ſweet beginning, but vnſauorie end,
Nere ſetled equally, but high or lo,
That all loues pleaſure ſhall not match his wo.

It ſhall be fickle, falſe, and full of fraud,
Bud, and be blaſted, in a breathing while,
The bottome poyſon, and the top ore-ſtrawd
With ſweets, that ſhall the trueſt ſight beguile,
The ſtrongeſt bodie ſhall it make moſt weake,
Strike the wiſe dumbe, and teach the foole to ſpeake.

[1] twin'd.

ænd æz ʃi runz, ðe buʃez in ðe wæi
sum kætʃ her bij ðe nek, sum kis her fæːs,
sum twijn æbuwt her θij tu mæːk her stæi:
ʃi wijldli breːkeθ from ðæir strikt imbræːs,
lijk æ miltʃ doː, hwuːz sweliŋ dugz du æːk,
hæ(ː)stiŋ tu fiːd her faːn hid in sum bræːk.

* * *

ʃi luːks upon hiz lips, ænd ðæi ær pæːl;
ʃi tæːks him bij ðe hænd, ænd ðæt iz kould;
ʃi hwisperz in hiz eːrz æ heː)vi tæːl,
æz if ðæi hærd ðe woːful wordz ʃi tould;
ʃi lifts ðe kofer-lidz ðæt kloːz hiz ijz,
hweːr, loː, tuː læmps, burnt uwt, in dærknes lijz;

tuː glæsez, hweːr herself herself biheld
æ θuwzænd tijmz, ænd nuw no moːr reflekt;
ðæir vertiu lost, hweːrin ðæi læːt ekseld,
ænd ev(e)ri beuti robd ov hiz efekt:
"wunder ov tijm," kwoθ ʃiː, "ðis iz mij ʃpijt,
ðæt, ðuw biːĭŋ ded, ðe dæi ʃuːld jit bi lijt.

"sins ðuw ært ded, loː, heːr ij profesij:
soroː on luv heːræfter ʃæl ætend:
it ʃæl bi wæited on wið dʒelusij,
fijnd swiːt biginiŋ, but unsæːv(o)ri end,
neːr setled eːkwæli, but hij or loː,
ðæt aːl luvz ple(ː)ziur ʃæl not mætʃ hiz woː.

"it ʃæl bi fik,l, faːls, ænd ful ov fraːd,
bud ænd bi blæsted in æ breːðiŋ-hwijl;
ðe botom poiz,n, ænd ðe top oːrstraːd
wið swiːts ðæt ʃæl ðe triuest sijt bigijl:
ðe stroŋgest bodi ʃæl it mæːk moːst weːk,
strijk ðe wijz dum ænd teːtʃ ðe fuːl tu speːk.

It ſhall be ſparing, and too full of ryot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the meaſures,
The ſtaring ruffian ſhall it keepe in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, inrich the poore with treaſures,
It ſhall be raging mad, and ſillie milde,
Make the yoong old, the old become a childe.

It ſhall ſuſpect where is no cauſe of feare,
It ſhall not feare where it ſhould moſt miſtruſt,
It ſhall be mercifull, and too ſeueare,
And most deceiuing, when it ſeemes moſt iuſt,
Peruerſe it ſhall be, where it ſhowes moſt toward,
Put feare to valour, courage to the coward.

It ſhall be cauſe of warre, and dire euents,
And ſet diſſention twixt the ſonne, and ſire,
Subiect, and ſeruill to all diſcontents:
As drie combuſtious matter is to fire,
Sith in his prime, death doth my loue deſtroy,
They that loue beſt, their loues ſhall not enioy.

By this the boy that by her ſide laie kild,
Was melted like a vapour from her ſight,
And in his blood that on the ground laie ſpild,
A purple floure ſproong vp, checkred with white,
Reſembling well his pale cheekes, and the blood,
Which in round drops, vpon their whiteneſſe ſtood.

She bowes her head, the new-ſprong floure to ſmel,
Comparing it to her Adonis breath,
And ſaies within her boſome it ſhall dwell,
Since he himſelfe is reft from her by death;
She crop's the ſtalke, and in the breach appeares,
Green-dropping ſap, which ſhe compares to teares.

"it ʃæl bi spæːriŋ ænd tuː ful ov rijot,
teːtʃiŋ dekrepit æːdʒ tu treː(ː)d ðe meː(ː)ziurz;
ðe stæːriŋ rufɪæn ʃæl it kiːp in kwijet,
pluk duwn ðe ritʃ, inritʃ ðe puːr wið treː(ː)ziurz;
it ʃæl bi ræːdʒiŋ-mæd ænd sili-mijld,
mæːk ðe juŋ ould, ðe ould bikum æ tʃijld.

"it ʃæl suspekt hweːr iz no kaːz ov feːr;
it ʃæl not feːr hweːr it ʃuːld moːst mistrust;
it ʃæl bi mersiful ænd tuː seveːr,
ænd moːst deseːviŋ hwen it siːmz moːst dʒust;
pervers it ʃæl bi hweːr it ʃouz moːst towærd,
put feːr tu væler, kurædʒ tu ðe kuwærd.

"it ʃæl bi kaːz ov wær ænd dijr events,
ænd set disensʏon twikst ðe sun ænd sijr;
subdʒekt ænd servil tu aːl diskontents,
æz drij kombustʏus mæter iz tu fijr:
siθ in hiz prijm deː(ː)θ duθ mij luv destroi,
ðæi ðæt luv best ðæir luvz ʃæl not indʒoi."

bij ðis, ðe boi ðæt bij her sijd læi kild
wæz melted lijk æ væːpor from her sijt,
ænd in hiz blud ðæt on ðe gruwnd læi spild,
æ purpˌl fluwr spruŋ up, tʃekred wið hwijt,
rezembliŋ wel hiz pæːl tʃiːks ænd ðe blud
hwitʃ in ruwnd drops upon ðæir hwijtnes stud.

ʃi buwz her hed, ðe niu-spruŋ fluwr tu smel,
kompæːriŋ it tu her ædoːnis breː(ː)θ,
ænd sæiz, wiðin her buːzom it ʃæl dwel,
sins hiː himself iz reft from her bij deː(ː)θ:
ʃi krops ðe staːk, ænd in ðe breːtʃ æpeːrz
griːn dropiŋ sæp, hwitʃ ʃi kompæːrz tu teːrz.

Poore ſloure (quoth ſhe) this was thy fathers guiſe,
Sweet iſſue of a more ſweet ſmelling ſire,
For euerie little griefe to wet his eies,
To grow vnto himſelfe was his deſire;
And ſo tis thine, but know it is as good,
To wither in my breſt, as in his blood.

Here was thy fathers bed, here in my breſt,
Thou art the next of blood, and tis thy right.
Lo in this hollow cradle take thy reſt,
My throbbing hart ſhall rock thee day and night;
There ſhall not be one minute in an houre,
Wherein I wil not kiſſe my ſweet loues ſloure.

Thus weary of the world, away ſhe hies,
And yokes her ſiluer doues, by whoſe ſwift aide,
Their miſtreſſe mounted through the emptie skies,
In her light chariot, quickly is conuaide,
Holding their courſe to Paphos, where their queen,
Meanes to immure her ſelfe, and not be ſeen.

FROM THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.

THOSE that much couet are with gaine ſo fond,
That what they haue not, that which they poſſeſſe
They ſcatter and vnlooſe it from their bond,
And ſo by hoping more they haue but leſſe,
Or gaining more, the profite of exceſſe
Is but to ſurfet, and ſuch griefes ſuſtaine,
That they proue banckrout in this poore rich gain.

"pu:r fluwr," kwoθ ʃi:, "ðis wæz ðij fæðerz gijz—
swi:t isiu ov æ mo:r swi:t-smeliŋ sijr—
for ev(e)ri lit,l gri:f tu wet hiz ijz:
tu gro: unto himself wæz hiz dezijr,
ænd so: tiz ðijn; but kno:, it iz æs gud
tu wiðer in mij brest æz in hiz blud.

"he:r wæz ðij fæðerz bed, he:r in mij brest;
ðuw ært ðe nekst ov blud, ænd tiz ðij rijt:
lo:, in ðis holo: kræ:d,l tæ:k ðij rest,
mij θrobiŋ hært ʃæl rok ði dæi ænd nijt:
ðer ʃæl not bi o:n miniut in æn uwr
hwe:rin ij wil not kis mij swi:t luvz fluwr."

ðus we:ri ov ðe world, æwæi ʃi hijz,
ænd jo:ks her silver duvz; bij hwu:z swift æid
ðæir mistres muwnted θru: ðe empti skijz
in her lijt tʃærĭot kwikli iz konvæid;
houldiŋ ðæir ku:rs tu pæ:fos, hwe:r ðæir kwi:n
me:nz tu imiur herzelf ænd not bi si:n.

From The Rape of Lucrece.

ðo:z ðæt mutʃ kuvet ær wið gæin so fond,
ðæt hwæt ðæi hæ:v not, ðæt hwitʃ ðæi pozes
ðæi skæter ænd unlu:s it from ðæir bond,
ænd so:, bij ho:piŋ mo:r, ðæi hæ:v but les;
or, gæiniŋ mo:r, ðe profit ov ekses
iz but tu surfet, ænd sutʃ gri:fs sustæin,
ðæt ðæi pru:v bæŋkruwt in ðis pu:r-ritʃ gæin.

The ayme of all is but to nourſe the life,
With honor, wealth, and eaſe in wainyng age:
And in this ayme there is ſuch thwarting ſtrife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage:
As life for honour, in fell battailes rage,
Honor for wealth, and oft that wealth doth coſt
The death of all, and altogether loſt.

So that in ventring ill, we leaue to be
The things we are, for that which we expect:
And this ambitious foule infirmitie,
In hauing much torments vs with defect
Of that we haue: ſo then we doe neglect
The thing we haue, and all for want of wit,
Make ſomething nothing, by augmenting it.

* * *

HER lillie hand, her roſie cheeke lies vnder,
Cooſning the pillow of a lawfull kiſſe:
Who therefore angrie ſeemes to part in ſunder,
Swelling on either ſide to want his bliſſe.
Betweene whoſe hils her head intombed is;
Where like a vertuous Monument ſhee lies,
To be admir'd of lewd vnhallowed eyes.

Without the bed her other faire hand was,
On the greene couerlet whoſe perfect white
Showed like an Aprill dazie on the graſſe,
With pearlie ſwet reſembling dew of night.
Her eyes like Marigolds had ſheath'd their light,
And canopied in darkeneſſe ſweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorne the day.

ðe æim ov a:l iz but tu nurs ðe lijf
wiđ onor, welθ, ænd e:z, in wæ:niŋ æ:dʒ;
ænd in ðis æim ðer iz sutʃ θwærtiŋ strijf,
ðæt o:n for a:l, or a:l for o:n wi gæ:dʒ;
æz lijf for onor in fel bæt,lz rædʒ;
onor for welθ; ænd oft ðæt welθ duθ kost
ðe de(:)θ ov a:l, ænd a:ltugeðer lost.

so ðæt in ventriŋ il wi le:v tu bi:
ðe θiŋz wi æ:r for ðæt hwitʃ wi ekspekt;
ænd ðis æmbisĭus fuwl infirmiti:,
in hæ:viŋ mutʃ, torments us wiđ defekt
ov ðæt wi hæ:v: so ðen wi du neglekt
ðe θiŋ wi hæ:v; ænd a:l for wænt ov wit,
mæ:k sumθiŋ noθiŋ bij a:gmentiŋ it.

* * *

her lili hænd her ro:zi tʃi:k lijz under,
kuzniŋ ðe pilo: ov æ la:ful kis;
hwu:, ðe:rfo:r æŋgri, si:mz tu pært in sunder,
sweliŋ on e:ðer sijd tu wænt hiz blis;
bitwi:n hwu:z hilz her hed intu:med iz:[1]
hwe:r, lijk æ vertĭŭus moniument ʃi lijz,
tu bi ædmijrd ov leud unhæloud ijz.

wiđuwt ðe bed her uðer fæir hænd wæz,[2]
on ðe gri:n kuverlet; hwu:z perfekt hwijt
ʃoud lijk æn æ:pril dæizi on ðe græs,
wiđ perli swe(:)t, rezembliŋ deu ov nijt.
her ijz, lijk mærigouldz, hæd ʃe:đd ðæir lijt,
ænd kænopid in dærknes swi:tli læi,
til ðæi mijt o:p,n tu ædorn ðe dæi.

[1] *Or* is. [2] wæs.

Her haire like golden threeds playd with her breath,
O modeſt wantons, wanton modeſtie!
Showing lifes triumph in the map of death,
And deaths dim looke in lifes mortalitie.
Ech in her ſleepe themſelues ſo beautifie,
As if betweene them twaine there were no ſtrife,
But that life liu'd in death, and death in life.

Her breaſts like Iuory globes circled with blew,
A paire of maiden worlds vnconquered,
Saue of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew,
And him by oath they truely honored.
Theſe worlds in Tarqvin new ambition bred,
Who like a fowle vſurper went about,
From this faire throne to heaue the owner out.

Sonnet XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a Summers day?
Thou art more louely and more temperate:
Rough windes do ſhake the darling buds of Maie,
And Sommers leaſe hath all too ſhort a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heauen ſhines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And euery faire from faire ſome-time declines,
By chance, or natures changing courſe vntrim'd:
But thy eternall Sommer ſhall not fade,
Nor looſe poſſeſſion of that faire thou ow'ſt,
Nor ſhall death brag thou wandr'ſt in his ſhade,
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ſt,
So long as men can breath or eyes can ſee,
So long liues this, and this giues life to thee.

---

her hæir, lijk gould,n θre(:)dz,[1] plæid wiđ her bre(:)θ;
o: modest wæntonz! wænton modestij!
ʃo:iŋ lijfs trijumf in đe mæp ov đe(:)θ,
ænd đe(:)θs đim lu:k in lijfs mortælitij:
e:tʃ in her sli:p đemselvz so beutifij,
æz if bitwi:n đem twæin đer wer no strijf,
but đæt lijf livd in đe(:)θ, ænd đe(:)θ in lijf.

her brests, lijk ijv(o)ri glo:bz sirkled wiđ bliu,
æ pæir ov mæid,n worldz unkoŋkered,
sæ:v ov đæir lord no be:riŋ jo:k đæi kniu,
ænd him bij o:θ đæi triuli onored.
đe:z worldz in tærkwin niu æmbisĭon bred;
hwu:, lijk æ fuwl iuzurper, went æbuwt
from đis fæir θro:n tu he:v đe ouner uwt.

Sonnet XVIII.

ʃæl ij kompæ:r đi tu æ sumerz dæi?
đuw ært mo:r luvli ænd mo:r temperæ:t:
ruf wijndz du ʃæ:k đe dærliŋ budz ov mæi,
ænd sumerz le:s hæθ a:l tu: ʃort æ dæ:t:
sumtijm tu: hot đe ij ov he(:)v,n ʃijnz,
ænd oft,n iz hiz gould kompleksĭon dimd;
ænd ev(e)ri fæir from fæir sumtijm deklijnz,
bij tʃæns or næ:tiurz tʃændʒiŋ ku:rs untrimd;
but đij eternæl sumer ʃæl not fæ:d
nor lu:z pozesĭon ov đæt fæir đuw oust;
nor ʃæl đe(:)θ bræg đuw wændrest in hiz ʃæ:d,
hwen in eternæl lijnz tu tijm đuw groust:
so loŋ æz men kæn bre:đ or ijz kæn si:,
so loŋ livz đis ænd đis givz lijf tu đi:.

[1] *Or* θri:dz.

SONNET XXX.

WHEN to the Seſſions of ſweet ſilent thought,
I ſommon vp remembrance of things paſt,
I ſigh the lacke of many a thing I ſought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waſte:
Then can I drowne an eye (vn-vſ'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And weepe a freſh loues long ſince canceld woe,
And mone th'expence of many a vanniſht ſight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
The ſad account of fore-bemoned mone,
Which I new pay, as if not payd before.
But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
All loſſes are reſtord, and ſorrowes end.

SONNET XXXIII.

FULL many a glorious morning haue I ſeene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with ſoueraine eie,
Kiſſing with golden face the meddowes greene;
Guilding pale ſtreames with heauenly alcumy:
Anon permit the baſeſt cloudes to ride,
With ougly rack on his celeſtiall face,
And from the for-lorne world his viſage hide
Stealing vnſeene to weſt with this disgrace:
Euen ſo my Sunne one early morne did ſhine,
With all triumphant ſplendor on my brow,
But out alack, he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this, my loue no whit diſdaineth,
Suns of the world may ſtaine, when heauens ſun ſtaineth.[1]

---

[1] ſtainteh.

SONNET XXX.

hwen tu đe sesĭonz ov swi:t sijlent θout
ij sumon up remembræns ov θiŋz pæst,
ij sij đe læk ov mænĭ æ θiŋ ij sout,
ænd wiđ ould wo:z niu wæil mij de:r tijmz wæst:
đen kæn ij druwn æn ij, uniuzd tu flo:,
for presĭus frendz hid in de(:)θs dæ:tles nijt,
ænd wi:p æfreʃ luvz loŋ sins kæns,ld wo:,
ænd mo:n đekspens ov mænĭ æ væniʃt sijt:
den kæn ij gri:v æt gri:vænsez forgo:n,
ænd he(:)vili from wo: tu wo: tel o:r
đe sæd ækuwnt ov fo:r-bimo:ned mo:n,
hwitʃ ij niu pæi æz if not pæid bifo:r.
but if đe hwijl ij θiŋk on đi:, de:r frend,
a:l losez ær resto:rd ænd sorouz end.

SONNET XXXIII.

ful mænĭ æ glo:rĭus morniŋ hæv ij si:n
flæter đe muwntæin-tops wiđ sov(e)ræin ij,
kisiŋ wiđ gould,n fæ:s đe medouz gri:n,
gi(:)ldiŋ pæ:l stre:mz wiđ he(:)vnli ælkimij;
ænon permit đe bæ:sest kluwdz tu rijd
wiđ ugli ræk on hiz selestĭæl fæ:s,
ænd from đe forlorn world hiz vizædʒ hijd,
ste:liŋ unsi:n tu west wiđ đis disgræ:s:
i:vn so: mij sun o:n e(:)rli morn did ʃijn
wiđ a:l-trijumfænt splendor on mij bruw;
but uwt, ælæk! hi wæz but o:n uwr mijn;
đe re:dʒĭon kluwd hæθ mæskt him from mi nuw.
jit him for đis mij luv no hwit disdæineθ;
suns ov đe world mæi stæin, hwen he(:)vnz sun
stæineθ.

SONNET LV.

NOT marble, nor the guilded monuments[1]
Of Princes ſhall out-liue this powrefull rime,
But you ſhall ſhine more bright in theſe contents
Then vnſwept ſtone, beſmeer'd with ſluttiſh time.
When waſtefull warre ſhall *Statues* ouer-turne,
And broiles roote out the worke of maſonry,
Nor *Mars* his ſword, nor warres quick fire ſhall burne[2]
The liuing record of your memory.
Gainſt death, and all obliuious enmity[3]
Shall you pace forth, your praiſe ſhall ſtil finde roome,
Euen in the eyes of all poſterity
That weare this world out to the ending doome.
So til the iudgement that your ſelfe ariſe,
You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

SONNET LXXIII.

THAT time of yeare[4] thou maiſt in me behold,
When yellow leaues, or none, or few doe hange
Vpon thoſe boughes which ſhake againſt the could,
Bare ruin'd[5] quiers, where late the ſweet birds ſang.
In me thou ſeeſt the twi-light of ſuch day,
As after Sun-ſet fadeth in the Weſt,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths ſecond ſelfe that ſeals vp all in reſt.
In me thou ſeeſt the glowing of ſuch fire,
That on the aſhes of his youth doth lye,

[1] monument,. [2] burne:. [3] emnity. [4] yeeare. [5] rn'wd.

Sonnet LV.

not mærb,l, nor đe gi(:)lded moniuments
ov prinsez, ʃæl uwtliv đis puwrful rijm;
but iu ʃæl ʃijn mo:r brijt in đe:z kontents
đen unswept sto:n bisme:rd wiđ slutiʃ tijm.
hwen wæ(:)stful wær ʃæl stætiuz overturn,
ænd broilz ru:t uwt đe wurk ov mæ:sonrij,
nor mærz hiz sword nor wærz kwik fijr ʃæl burn
đe liviŋ rekord ov iur memorij.
gæinst de(:)θ ænd a:l-oblivĭus enmitij
ʃæl iu pæ:s furθ; iur præiz ʃæl stil fijnd ru:m
i:vn in đe ijz ov a:l posteritij
đæt we:r đis world uwt tu đe endiŋ du:m.
so:, til đe dʒudʒment đæt iurself ærijz,
iu liv in đis, ænd dwel in luverz ijz.

Sonnet LXXIII.

đæt tijm ov je:r đuw mæist in mi: bihould
hwen jelo: le:vz, or no:n, or feu, du hæŋ
upon đo:z buwz hwitʃ ʃæ:k ægæinst đe kould,
bæ:r riuind kwijrz, hwe:r læ:t đe swi:t birdz sæŋ.
in mi: đuw si:st đe twijlijt ov sutʃ dæi
æz æfter sunset fæ:deθ in đe west,
hwitʃ bij ænd bij blæk nijt duθ tæ:k æwæi,
de(:)θs sekond self, đæt se:lz up a:l in rest.
in mi: đuw si:st đe glo:iŋ ov sutʃ fijr
đæt on đe æʃez ov hiz jiuθ duθ lij,

As the death bed, whereon it muſt expire,
Conſum'd with that which it was nurriſht by.
This thou perceiu'ſt,[1] which makes thy loue more ſtrong,
To loue that well, which thou muſt leaue ere long.

SONNET CIV.

TO me faire friend you neuer can be old,
For as you were when firſt your eye I eyde,
Such ſeemes your beautie ſtill: Three Winters colde,
Haue from the forreſts ſhooke three ſummers pride,
Three beautious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
In proceſſe of the ſeaſons haue I ſeene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since firſt I ſaw you freſh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
So your ſweete hew, which me thinkes ſtill doth ſtand,[2]
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.
For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties ſummer dead.

SONNET CXVI.

LET me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments, loue is not loue
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue.

[1] perceu'ſt. [2] ſtand (d *imperfect*).

æz đe de(:)θ-bed hwe:ron it must ekspijr
konsiumd wiđ đæt hwitʃ it wæz nuriʃt bij.
đis đuw perse:vst, hwitʃ mæ:ks đij luv mo:r
stroŋ,
tu luv đæt wel hwitʃ đuw must le:v e:r loŋ.

SONNET CIV.

tu mi:, fæir frend, iu never kæn bi ould,
for æz iu we:r hwen first iur ij ij ijd,
sutʃ si:mz iur beuti stil. θri: winterz kould
hæv from đe forests ʃu:k θri: sumerz prijd,
θri: beutĭus spriŋz tu jelo: a:tum turnd
in pro:ses ov đe se:z,nz hæv ij si:n,
θri: æ:pril perfiumz in θri: hot dʒiunz burnd,
sins first ij sa: iu freʃ, hwitʃ jit ær gri:n.
æh! jit duθ beuti, lijk æ dijæl-hænd,
ste:l from hiz figiur, ænd no pæ:s perse:vd;
so: iur swi:t hiu, hwitʃ miθiŋks stil duθ stænd,
hæθ mo:sĭon, ænd mijn ij mæi bi dese:vd:
for fe:r ov hwitʃ, he:r đis, đuw æ:dʒ unbred;
e:r iu wer born wæz beutiz sumer ded.

SONNET CXVI.

let mi not tu đe mærĭædʒ ov triu mijndz
ædmit impediments. luv iz not lu(:)v
hwitʃ a:lterz hwen it a:lteræ:sĭon fijndz,
or bendz wiđ đe remu:ver tu remu:v

O no, it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempeſts and is neuer ſhaken;
It is the ſtar to euery wandring barke,
Whoſe worths vnknowne, although his hight[1] be taken.
Lou's not Times foole, though roſie lips and cheeks
Within his bending ſickles compaſſe come,
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
If this be error and vpon me proued,
I neuer writ, nor no man euer loued.

FROM THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Ariel. Song.

COME vnto theſe yellow ſands,
And then take hands:
Curtſied when you haue, and kiſt
The wilde waues whiſt:
Foote it featly heere, and there,
And ſweete Sprights the burthen beare.[2]

Burthen diſperſedly.

Harke, harke, bowgh-wowgh:[3]
The watch-Dogges barke, bowgh-wowgh.[4]

Ar.

Hark, hark, I heare,
The ſtraine of ſtrutting Chanticlere
Cry cockadidle-dowe.

[1] higth. [2] beare the burthen. [3] bowgh wawgh. [4] -wawgh.

o:, no:! it iz æn ever-fiksed mærk
ðæt lu:ks on tempests ænd iz never ʃæ:k,n;
it iz ðe stær tu ev(e)ri wændriŋ bærk
hwu:z wurθs unknoun a:lðou hiz hijt bi tæ:k,n.

luvz not tijmz fu:l, ðou ro:zi lips ænd tʃi:ks
widin hiz bendiŋ sik,lz kumpæs ku(:)m;
luv a:lterz not wið hiz bri:f uwrz ænd wi:ks,
but be:rz it uwt i:vn tu ðe edʒ ov du:m.
if ðis bi eror ænd upon mi pru:vd,
ij never writ, nor no: mæn ever lu(:)vd.

FROM THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.

æ:rĭel. soŋ.]
kum untu ðe:z jelo: sændz,
ænd ðen tæ:k hændz:
kurtsid hwen iu hæv ænd kist
ðe wijld wæ:vz hwist,
fu:t it fe:tli he:r ænd ðe:r;
ænd, swi:t sprijts, ðe burd,n be:r.

burd,n (dispersedli).]
hærk, hærk! buw-wuw.
ðe wætʃ-dogz bærk: buw-wuw.

æ:rĭel.]
hærk, hærk! ij he:r
ðe stræin ov strutiŋ tʃæntikle:r
krij, kok-æ-did,l-duw.

Ariell. Song.

Full fadom fiue thy Father lies,
Of his bones are Corrall made:
Thoſe are pearles that were his eies,
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth ſuffer a Sea-change
Into ſomething rich, and ſtrange:
Sea-Nimphs hourly ring his knell.

Burthen.

Ding-dong.[1]

Ar.[2]

Harke now I heare them, ding-dong bell.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

OUR Reuels now are ended: Theſe our actors,
(As I foretold you) were all Spirits, and
Are melted into Ayre, into thin Ayre,
And like the baſeleſſe fabricke of this viſion
The Clowd-capt Towres, the gorgeous Pallaces,
The ſolemne Temples, the great Globe it ſelfe,
Yea, all which it inherit, ſhall diſſolue,
And like this inſubſtantiall Pageant faded
Leaue not a racke behinde: we are ſuch ſtuffe
As dreames are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleepe.

* * *

[1] ding dong. [2] *Not in F.*

æ:rĭel. soŋ.]

ful fædom fijv ðij fæðer lijz;
ov hiz bo:nz ær koræl mæ:d;
ðo:z ær pe(:)rlz ðæt wer hiz ijz:
noθiŋ ov him ðæt duθ fæ:d
but duθ sufer æ se:-tʃændʒ
intu sumθiŋ ritʃ ænd strændʒ.
se:-nimfs uwrli riŋ hiz knel:

burð,n.]

diŋ-doŋ.

æ:rĭel.]

hærk! nuw ij he:r ðem, —diŋ-doŋ, bel.

* * *

Act IV. Scene I.

uwr rev,lz nuw ær ended. ðe:z uwr æktorz,
æz ij fo:rtould iu, wer a:l spirits ænd
ær melted intu æir, intu θin æir:
ænd, lijk ðe bæ:sles fæbrik ov ðis vizĭon,
ðe kluwd-kæpt tuwrz, ðe gordʒĭus pælæsez,
ðe solem temp,lz, ðe gre:t glo:b itself,
je:, a:l hwitʃ it inherit, ʃæl dizolv
ænd, lijk ðis insubstænsĭæl pædʒent fæ:ded,
le:v not æ ræk bihijnd. wi æ:r sutʃ stuf
æz dre:mz ær mæ:d on, ænd uwr lit,l lijf
iz ruwnded wið æ sli:p.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE I.

Ariell ſings.

WHERE the Bee ſucks, there ſuck I,
In a Cowſlips bell, I lie,
There I cowch when Owles doe crie,
On the Batts backe I doe flie
After Sommer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, ſhall I liue now,
Under the bloſſom that hangs on the Bow.

FROM THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Song.

WHO is Siluia? what is ſhe?
That all our Swaines commend her?
Holy, faire, and wiſe is ſhe,
The heauen ſuch grace did lend her,
That ſhe might admired be.

Is ſhe kinde as ſhe is faire?
For beauty liues with kindneſſe:
Loue doth to her eyes repaire,
To helpe him of his blindneſſe:
And being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Siluia, let vs ſing,
That Siluia is excelling;
She excels each mortall thing
Vpon the dull earth dwelling.
To her let vs Garlands bring.

Act V. Scene 1.

æ:rĭel siŋz.]

hwe:r ðe bi: suks, ðe:r suk ij:
in æ kuwslips bel ij lij;
ðe:r ij kuwtʃ hwen uwlz du krij.
on ðe bæts bæk ij du flij
æfter sumer merilij.
merili, merili ʃæl ij liv nuw
under ðe blosom ðæt hæŋz on ðe buw.

From The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Act IV. Scene 11.

[soŋ.]

hwu: iz silviæ? hwæt iz ʃi:,
ðæt a:l uwr swæinz komend her?
ho:li, fæir, ænd wijz iz ʃi:;
ðe he(:)vn sutʃ græ:s did lend her,
ðæt ʃi mijt ædmijred bi:.

iz ʃi kijnd æz ʃi iz fæir?
for beuti livz wiđ kijndnes.
luv duθ tu her ijz repæir,
tu help him ov hiz blijndnes,
ænd, bi:iŋ helpt, inhæbits ðe:r.

ðen tu silviæ let us siŋ,
ðæt silviæ iz ekseliŋ;
ʃi: ekselz e:tʃ mortæl θiŋ
upon ðe dul e(:)rθ dweliŋ:
tu her let us gærlændz briŋ.

FROM THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE 1.

Shallow. SIR *Hugh,* perſwade me not: I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it, if hee were twenty Sir *Iohn Falſtaffs,*[1] he ſhall not abuſe *Robert Shallow* Eſquire.

Slen. In the County of *Gloceſter,* Iuſtice of Peace and Coram.

Shal. I (Coſen *Slender*) and *Cuſt-alorum.*

Slen. I, and *Rato lorum* too; and a Gentleman borne (Maſter Parſon) who writes himſelfe *Armigero,* in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero.*

Shal. I that I doe, and haue done any time theſe three hundred yeeres.

Slen. All his ſucceſſors (gone before him) hath don't: and all his Anceſtors (that come after him) may: they may giue the dozen white Luces in their Coate.

Shal. It is an olde Coate.

Euans. The dozen white Lowſes doe become an old Coat well: it agrees well paſſant: It is a familiar beaſt to man, and ſignifies Loue.

Shal. The Luſe is the freſh-fiſh, the ſalt-fiſh, is an old Coate.

. . . . . .

Fal. Now, Maſter *Shallow,* you'll complaine of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my men, kill'd my deere, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiſs'd your Keepers daughter?

[1] *Falſtoffs.*

From The Merry Wives of Windsor.

Act I. Scene 1.

ʃælo:.] sir hiu, perswæ:d mi not: ij wil mæ:k æ stær-tʃæmber mæter ov it: if hi wer twenti sir dʒon fa:lstæfs, hi ʃæl not æbiuz robert ʃælo:, eskwijr.

slender.] in đe kuwnti ov gloster, dʒustis ov pe:s ænd ko:ræm.

ʃælo:.] ij, kuz,n slender, ænd kustælo:rum.

slender.] ij, ænd ræto-lo:rum tu:; ænd æ dʒent,l-mæn born, mæster pærson; hwu: wrijts himself ærmidʒero:, in æni bil, wæræ̈nt, kwitæns, or obli-gæ:sĭon, ærmidʒero:.

ʃælo:.] ij, đæt ij du:; ænd hæv dun æni tijm đe:z θri: hundred je:rz.

slender.] a:l hiz suksesorz go:n bifo:r him hæθ dunt, ænd a:l hiz ænsestorz đæt kum æfter him mæi: đæi mæi giv đe duz,n hwijt liusez in đæir ko:t.

ʃælo:.] it iz æn ould ko:t.

evænz.] đe duz,n hwijt luwsez du bikum æn ould ko:t wel; it ægri:z wel, pæsænt; it iz æ fæmilĭær be:st tu mæn, ænd signifijz luv.

ʃælo:.] đe lius iz đe freʃ fiʃ; đe sa:lt fiʃ iz æn ould ko:t.

. . . . . .

fa:lstæf.] nuw, mæster ʃælo:, iul komplæin ov mi tu đe kiŋ?

ʃælo:.] knijt, iu hæv be:t,n mij men, kild mij de:r, ænd bro:k o:p,n mij lodʒ.

fa:lstæf.] but not kist iur ki:perz da:ter?

Shal. Tut, a pin: this ſhall be anſwer'd.

Fal. I will anſwere it ſtrait, I haue done all this: That is now anſwer'd.

Shal. The Councell ſhall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you if it were known in councell: you'll be laugh'd at.

Eu. Pauca verba; (Sir *Iohn*) good worts.

Fal. Good worts? good Cabidge; *Slender,* I broke your head: what matter haue you againſt me?

Slen. Marry ſir, I haue matter in my head againſt you, and againſt your cony-catching Raſcalls, *Bardolf, Nym,* and *Piſtoll.*

Bar. You Banbery Cheeſe.

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Piſt. How now, *Mephostophilus?*

Slen. I, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I ſay; *pauca, pauca:* Slice, that's my humor.

Slen. Where's *Simple* my man? can you tell, Coſen?

Eua. Peace, I pray you: now let vs vnderſtand: there is three Vmpires in this matter, as I vnderſtand; that is, Maſter *Page* (fidelicet Maſter *Page*) and there is my ſelfe, (fidelicet my ſelfe) and the three party is (laſtly, and finally) mine Hoſt of the Garter.[1]

Ma. Pa. We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Euan. Ferry goot,[2] I will make a prieſe of it in my note-booke, and we wil afterwards orke vpon the cauſe, with as great diſcreetly as we can.

* * *

[1] Gater. [2] goo't.

ʃælo:.] tut, æ pin! ðis ʃæl bi ænswerd.

fa:lstæf.] ij wil ænswer it stræit; ij hæv dun a:l ðis. ðæt iz nuw ænswerd.

ʃælo:.] ðe kuwnsel ʃæl kno: ðis.

fa:lstæf.] twer beter for iu if it wer knoun in kuwnsel: iul bi læft æt.

evænz.] pa:kæ verbæ, sir dʒon; gud worts.[1]

fa:lstæf.] gud worts![1] gud kæbidʒ. slender, ij bro:k iur hed: hwæt mæter hæv iu ægæinst mi:?

slender.] mæri, sir, ij hæv mæter in mij hed ægæinst iu; ænd ægæinst iur kuni-kætʃiŋ ræskælz, bærdolf, nim, ænd pistol.

bærdolf.] iu bænberi tʃi:z!

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

pistol.] huw nuw, mefostofilus!

slender.] ij, it iz no mæter.

nim. slijs, ij ˌsæi! pa:kæ, pa:kæ: slijs! ðæts mij hiumor.

slender.] hwe:rz simp,l, mij mæn? kæn iu tel, kuz,n?

evænz.] pe:s, ij præi iu. nuw let us understænd. ðer iz θri: umpijrz in ðis mæter, æz ij understænd; ðæt iz, mæster pæ:dʒ, fideliset mæster pæ:dʒ; ænd ðer iz mijself, fideliset mijself; ænd ðe θri: pærti iz, læstli ænd fijnæli, mijn ho:st ov ðe gærter.

mæster pæ:dʒ.] wi: θri:, tu he:r it ænd end it bitwi:n ðem.

evænz.] feri gut: ij wil mæ:k æ pri:f ov it in mij no:t-bu:k; ænd wi wil æfterwærdz urk upon ðe ka:z wið æz gre:t diskri:tli æz wi kæn.

* * *

[1] *Or* wurts.

ACT IV. SCENE 1.

Miſt. Pag. HOW now Sir *Hugh,* no Schoole to day?

Eua. No: Maſter *Slender* is let the Boyes leaue to play.

Qui. 'Bleſſing of his heart.

Miſt. Pag. Sir *Hugh,* my husband ſaies my ſonne profits nothing in the world at his Booke: I pray you aske him ſome queſtions in his Accidence.

Eu. Come hither *William;* hold vp your head; come.

Miſt. Pag. Come-on Sirha; hold vp your head; anſwere your Maſter, be not afraid.

Eua. William, how many Numbers is in Nownes?

Will. Two.

Qui. Truely, I thought there had bin one Number more, becauſe they ſay od's-Nownes.

Eua. Peace, your tatlings. What is *(Faire) William?*

Will. Pulcher.

Qu. Powlcats? there are fairer things then Powlcats, ſure.

Eua. You are a very ſimplicity 'oman:[1] I pray you peace. What is *(Lapis) William?*

Will. A Stone.

Eua. And what is a Stone *(William?)*

Will. A Peeble.

Eua. No; it is *Lapis:* I pray you remember in your praine.

Will. Lapis.

[1] o'man.

Act IV. Scene 1.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] huw nuw, sir hiu! no: sku:l tu-dæi?

evænz.] no:; mæster slender iz let ðe boiz le:v tu plæi.

kwikli.] blesiŋ ov hiz hært!

mistres pæ:dʒ.] sir hiu, mij huzbænd sæiz mij sun profits noθiŋ in ðe world æt his bu:k. ij præi iu, æsk him sum kwestĭonz in hiz æksidens.

evænz.] kum hiðer, wilĭæm; hould up iur hed; kum.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] kum on, siræ; hould up iur hed; ænswer iur mæster, bi: not æfræid.

evænz.] wilĭæm, huw mæni numberz iz in nuwnz?

wilĭæm.] tu:.

kwikli. triuli, ij θout ðer hæd bin o:n number mo:r, bika:z ðæi sæi, "odz nuwnz."

evænz.] pe:s iur tætliŋz! hwæt iz "fæir," wilĭæm?

wilĭæm.] pulker.

kwikli.] poulkæts! ðer ær fæirer θiŋz ðæn poulkæts, siur.

evænz.] iu ær æ veri simplisiti umæn: ij præi iu, pe:s. hwæt iz "læpis," wilĭæm?

wilĭæm.] æ sto:n.

evænz.] ænd hwæt iz æ sto:n, wilĭæm?

wiiĭæm.] æ pi:b,l.

evænz.] no:, it iz "læpis:" ij præi iu, remember in iur præin.

wilĭæm.] læpis.

Eua. That is a good *William:* what is he *(William)* that do's lend Articles.

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoune; and be thus declined. *Singulariter nominatiuo hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eua. Nominatiuo hig, hag, hog: pray you marke: *genitiuo huius:* Well: what is your *Accuſatiue-caſe?*

Will. Accuſatiuo hinc.

Eua. I pray you haue your remembrance (childe) *Accuſatiuo hing, hang, hog.*

Qu. Hang-hog, is latten for Bacon, I warrant you.

. . . . . .

Eu. Shew me now *(William)* ſome declenſions of your Pronounes.

Will. Forſooth, I haue forgot.

Eu. It is *Qui, que, quod;* if you forget your *Quies,* your *Ques,* and your *Quods,* you muſt be preeches: Goe your waies and play, go.

M. Pag. He is a better ſcholler then I thought he was.

Eu. He is a good ſprag-memory: Farewel *Mis. Page.*

Miſ. Page. Adieu good Sir *Hugh:* Get you home boy, Come we ſtay too long.

evænz.] đæt iz æ gud wilĭæm. hwæt iz hi:, wilĭæm, đæt duz lend ærtik,lz?

wilĭæm.] ærtik,lz ær boroud ov đe pro:nuwn, ænd bi dus deklijnd, siŋgiulæ:riter, nominætijvo:, hik, hæk,[1] hok.

evænz.] nominætijvo:, hig, hæg, hog: præi iu, mærk: dʒenitijvo:, hiudʒus. wel, hwæt iz iur ækiuzætiv kæ:s?

wilĭæm.] ækiuzætijvo:, hiŋk.

evænz.] ij præi iu, hæ:v iur remembræns, tʃijld; ækiuzætijvo:, huŋg, hæŋg, hog.

kwikli.] "hæŋ-hog" iz læt,n for bæ:k,n, ij wærænt iu.

. . . . . .

evænz.] ʃo: mi nuw, wilĭæm, sum deklensĭonz ov iur pro:nuwnz.

wilĭæm.] forsu:θ, ij hæv forgot.

evænz.] it iz kwij, kwe:, kwod: if iu forget iur "kwijz," iur "kwe:z," ænd iur "kwodz," iu must bi pri:tʃez. go: iur wæiz, ænd plæi; go:.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] hi iz æ beter skoler đen ij θout hi wæz.

evænz.] hi iz æ gud spræg memori. fæ:rwel, mistres pæ:dʒ.

mistres pæ:dʒ.] ædiu, gud sir hiu. get iu ho:m, boi. kum, wi stæi tu: loŋ.

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[1] *Or* he(:)k; *but cf. l.* 44.

FROM MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Iſab. YET ſhew ſome pittie.

Ang. I ſhew it moſt of all, when I ſhow Iuſtice;
For then I pittie thoſe I doe not know,
Which a diſmis'd offence, would after gaule
And doe him right, that anſwering one foule wrong
Liues not to act another. Be ſatisfied;
Your Brother dies to morrow; be content.

Iſab. So you muſt be the firſt that giues this ſentence,
And hee, that ſuffers: Oh, it is excellent
To haue a Giants ſtrength: but it is tyrannous
To vſe it like a Giant.

Luc. That's well ſaid.

Iſab. Could great men thunder
As *Ioue* himselfe do's, *Ioue* would neuer be quiet,
For euery pelting petty Officer
Would vſe his heauen for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: Mercifull heauen,
Thou rather with thy ſharpe and ſulpherous bolt
Splits the vn-wedgable and gnarled Oke,
Then the ſoft Mertill: But man, proud man,
Dreſt in a little briefe authoritie,
Moſt ignorant of what he's moſt aſſur'd,
(His glaſsie Eſſence) like an angry Ape
Plaies ſuch phantaſtique tricks before high heauen,
As makes the Angels weepe: who with our ſpleenes,
Would all themſelues laugh mortall.

* * *

From Measure for Measure.

Act II. Scene ii.

izæbelæ.] jit ʃo: sum piti.
ændʒelo:.] ij ʃo: it mo:st ov a:l hwen ij ʃo: dʒustis;
for đen ij piti đo:z ij du not kno:,
hwitʃ æ dismist ofens wu:ld æfter ga:l;
ænd du: him rijt đæt, ænswerin o:n fuwl wroŋ,
livz not tu ækt ænuđer. bi: sætisfijd;
iur bruđer dijz tu-moro:; bi: kontent.
izæbelæ.] so iu must bi đe first đæt ʒivz đis sentens,
ænd hi:, đæt suferz. o:, it iz ekselent
tu hæ:v æ dzijænts streŋθ; but it iz tirænus
tu iuz it lijk æ dʒijænt.
liusĭo:.] đæts wel sæid.
izæbelæ.] ku:ld gre:t men θunder
æz dʒo:v himself duz, dʒo:v wu:ld ne:r bi kwijet,
for ev(e)ri peltiŋ, peti ofiser
wu:ld iuz hiz he(:)vn for θunder;
noθiŋ but θunder! mersiful he(:)vn,
đuw ræđer wiđ đij ʃærp ænd sulf(e)rus boult
splits đe unwedʒæb,l ænd gnærled o:k
đen đe soft mirt,l: but mæn, pruwd mæn,
drest in æ lit,l bri:f a:θoriti,
mo:st ignorænt of hwæt hi:z mo:st æsiurd,
hiz glæsi esens, lijk æn æŋgri æ:p,
plæiz sutʃ fæntæstik triks bifo:r hij he(:)vn
æz mæ:ks đe ændʒ,lz wi:p; hwu:, wiđ uwr spli:nz,
wu:ld a:l đemselvz læf mortæl.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

Iſa. WHAT ſaies my brother?
Cla. Death is a fearefull thing.
Iſa. And ſhamed life, a hatefull.
Cla. I, but to die, and go we know not where,
To lie in cold obſtruction, and to rot,
This ſenſible warme motion, to become
A kneaded clod; And the delighted ſpirit
To bath in fierie floods, or to recide
In thrilling Region of thicke-ribbed Ice,
To be impriſon'd in the viewleſſe windes
And blowne with reſtleſſe violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worſe then worſt
Of thoſe, that lawleſſe and incertaine thought,
Imagine howling, 'tis too horrible.
The wearieſt, and moſt loathed worldly life
That Age, Ache, periury,[1] and impriſonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradiſe
To what we feare of death.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Song.

TAKE, oh take thoſe lips away,
That ſo ſweetly were forſworne,
And thoſe eyes: the breake of day,
Lights that do miſlead the Morne,
But my kiſſes bring againe, bring againe,
Seales of loue, but ſeal'd in vaine, ſeal'd in vaine.

[1] periury.

Act III. Scene 1.

izæbelæ.] hwæt sæiz nıij bruđer?
kla:dĭo:.] de(:)θ iz æ fe:rful θiŋ.
izæbelæ.] ænd ʃæ:med lijf æ hæ:tful.
kla:dĭo:.] ij, but tu dij, ænd ɡo: wi kno: not hwe:r;
tu lij in kould obstruksĭon ænd tu rot;
đis sensib,l wærm mo:sĭon tu bikum
æ kne(:)ded klod; ænd đe delijted spirit
tu bæ:đ in fijri fludz, or tu rezijd
in θriliŋ re:dʒĭon ov θik-ribed ijs;
tu bi impriz,nd in đe viules wijndz,
ænd bloun wiđ restles vij(o)lens ruwnd æbuwt
đe pendænt world; or tu bi wurs đen wurst
ov đo:z đæt la:les ænd insertæin θout
imædʒin huwliŋ: tiz tu: horib,l!
đe we:rĭest ænd mo:st lo:đed worldli lijf
đæt æ:dʒ, æ:tʃ, peniurĭ ænd impriz,nment
kæn læi on næ:tiur iz æ pærædijs
tu hwæt wi fe:r ov de(:)θ.

* * *

Act IV. Scene 1.

[soŋ.]

tæ:k, o:, tæ:k đo:z lips æwæi,
đæt so swi:tli wer forsworn;
ænd đo:z ijz, đe bre:k ov dæi,
lijts đæt du misle:d đe morn:
but mij kisez briŋ ægæin, briŋ ægæin;
se:lz ov luv, but se:ld in væin, se:ld in
væin.

FROM MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Song.

SIGH no more Ladies, ſigh no more,
Men were deceiuers euer,
One foote in Sea, and one on ſhore,
To one thing conſtant neuer,
Then ſigh not ſo, but let them goe,
And be you blithe and bonnie,
Conuerting all your ſounds of woe,
Into hey nony nony.

Sing no more ditties, ſing no moe,
Of dumps ſo dull and heauy,
The fraud of men was[1] ever ſo,
Since ſummer firſt was leauy,
Then ſigh not ſo, &c.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE I.

Hero. O GOD of loue! I know he doth deſerue,
As much as may be yeelded to a man.
But Nature neuer fram'd a womans heart,
Of prowder ſtuffe then that of *Beatrice:*
Diſdaine and Scorne ride ſparkling in her eyes,
Miſ-prizing what they looke on, and her wit
Values it ſelfe ſo highly, that to her
All matter elſe ſeemes weake: ſhe cannot loue,
Nor take no ſhape nor proiect of affection,
Shee is ſo ſelfe indeared.

[1] were *F,* was *Q.*

From Much Ado about Nothing.

Act II. Scene iii.

[soŋ.]

sij no mo:r, læ:diz, sij no mo:r,
men wer dese:verz ever,
o:n fu:t in se: ænd o:n on ʃo:r,
tu o:n θiŋ konstænt never:
ðen sij not so:, but let ðem go:,
ænd bi: iu blijd ænd boni,
konværtiŋ a:l iur suwndz ov wo:
intu hæi noni, noni.

siŋ no mo:r ditiz, siŋ no mo:,
ov dumps so dul ænd he:vi;
ðe fra:d ov men wæz ever so:,
sins sumer first wæz le:vi:
ðen sij not so:, &c.

* * *

Act III. Scene i.

he:ro:.] o: god ov luv! ij kno: hi duθ dezerv
æz mutʃ æz mæi bi ji:lded tu æ mæn:
but næ:tiur never fræ:md æ wumænz hært
ov pruwder stuf ðen ðæt ov be:ætris;
disdæin ænd skorn rijd spærkliŋ in her ijz,
misprijzing hwæt ðæi lu:k on, ænd her wit
væliuz itself so hijli ðæt tu her
a:l mæter els si:mz we:k: ʃi kænot luv,
nor tæ:k no ʃæ:p nor prodʒekt ov æfeksĭon,
ʃi iz so self-inde:rd.

Vrſula. Sure I thinke ſo,
And therefore certainely it were not good
She knew his loue, leſt ſhe make ſport at it.
Hero. Why you ſpeake truth, I neuer yet ſaw man,
How wiſe, how noble, yong, how rarely featur'd,
But ſhe would ſpell him backward: if faire fac'd,
She would ſweare the gentleman ſhould be her ſiſter:
If blacke, why Nature drawing of an anticke,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a launce ill headed:
If low, an agot very vildlie cut:
If ſpeaking, why a vane blowne with all windes:
If ſilent, why a blocke moued with none.
So turnes ſhe euery man the wrong ſide out,
And neuer giues to Truth and Vertue, that
Which ſimpleneſſe and merit purchaſeth.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Bene. LADY *Beatrice,* haue you wept all this while?
Beat. Yea, and I will weepe a while longer.
Bene. I will not deſire that.
Beat. You haue no reaſon, I doe it freely.
Bene. Surelie I do beleeue your fair coſin is wrong'd.
Beat. Ah, how much might the man deſerue of mee that would right her!
Bene. Is there any way to ſhew ſuch friendſhip?
Beat. A verie euen way, but no ſuch friend.
Bene. May a man doe it?
Beat. It is a mans office, but not yours.

ursiulæ.] siur, ij θiŋk so:;
ænd de:rfo:r sertæinli it wer not gud
ʃi kniu hiz luv, lest ʃi mæ:k sport æt it.
he:ro:.] hwij, iu spe:k triuθ. ij never jit sa:
mæn,
huw wijz, huw no:b,l, juŋ, huw ræ:rli fe:tiurd,
but ʃi wu:ld spel him bækwærd: if fæir-fæ:st,
ʃi:ld swe:r de dʒent,lmæn ʃu:ld bi her sister;
if blæk, hwij, næ:tiur, dra:iŋ ov æn æntik,
mæ:d æ fuwl blot; if ta:l, æ læns il-heded;
if lo:, æn ægæt[1] veri vijldli kut;
if spe:kiŋ, hwij, æ væ:n bloun wid a:l wijndz;
if sijlent, hwij æ blok mu:ved wid no:n.
so turnz ʃi ev(e)ri mæn de wroŋ sijd uwt,
ænd never ǧivz tu triuθ ænd vertiu dæt
hwitʃ simp,lnes ænd merit purtʃæseθ.

* * *

Act IV. Scene 1.

benedik.] læ:di be:ætris, hæv iu wept a:l dis hwijl?
be:ætris.] je:, ænd ij wil wi:p æ hwijl loŋger.
benedik.] ij wil not dezijr dæt.
be:ætris.] iu hæv no re:z,n; ij du: it fri:li.
benedik.] siurli ij du bili:v iur fæir kuz,n iz wroŋd.
be.ætris.] æh, huw mutʃ mijt de mæn dezerv ov mi dæt wu:ld rijt her!
benedik.] iz der æni wæi tu ʃo: sutʃ frendʃip?
be:ætris.] æ veri i:v,n wæi, but no: sutʃ frend.
benedik.] mæi æ mæn du: it?
be:ætris.] it iz æ mænz ofis, but not iurz.

[1] *Hardly* ægot.

Bene. I doe loue nothing in the world ſo well as you, is not that ſtrange?

Beat. As ſtrange as the thing I know not, it were as poſſible for me to ſay, I loued nothing ſo well as you, but beleeue me not, and yet I lie not, I confeſſe nothing, nor I deny nothing, I am ſorry for my couſin.

Bene. By my ſword *Beatrice* thou lou'ſt me.

Beat. Doe not ſwear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will ſweare by it that you loue mee, and I will make him eat it that ſayes I loue not you.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no ſawce that can be deuiſed to it, I proteſt I loue thee.

Beat. Why then God forgiue me.

Bene. What offence ſweet Beatrice?

Beat. You haue ſtayed me in a happy howre, I was about to proteſt I loued you.

Bene. And doe it with all thy heart.

Beat. I loue you with ſo much of my heart, that none is left to proteſt.

FROM LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT II. SCENE I.

ANOTHER of theſe Students at that time,
Was there with him, if[1] I haue heard a truth.
Berowne they call him, but a merrier man,
Within the limit of becomming mirth,
I neuer ſpent an houres talke withall.

[1] as *F*, if *Q*.

benedik.] ij du luv noθiŋ in ðe world so wel æz iu: iz not ðæt strændz?

be:ætris.] æz ˌstrændz æz ðe θiŋ ij kno: not, it wer æz posib,l for mi tu sæi ij luvd noθiŋ so wel æz iu: but bili:v mi not; ænd jit ij lij not; ij konfes noθiŋ, nor ij denij noθiŋ. ij æm sori for mij kuz,n.

benedik.] bij mij sword, be:ætris, ðuw luvst mi:.

be:ætris.] du: not swe:r bij it, ænd e:t it.

benedik.] ij wil swe:r bij it ðæt iu luv mi:; ænd ij wil mæ:k him e:t it ðæt sæiz ij luv not iu.

be:ætris.] wil iu not e:t iur word?

benedik.] wiθ no: sa:s ðæt kæn bi devijzd tu it. ij protest ij luv ði:.

be:ætris.] hwij ðen, god forgiv mi:!

benedik.] hwæt ofens, swi:t be:ætris?

be:ætris.] iu hæv stæid mi in æ hæpi uwr: ij wæz æbuwt tu protest ij luvd iu.

benedik.] ænd du: it wiθ a:l ðij hært.

be:ætris.] ij luv iu wiθ so mutʃ ov mij hært ðæt no:n iz left tu protest.

From Love's Labour's Lost.

Act II. Scene I.

ænuðer ov ðe:z stiudents æt ðæt tijm
wæz ðe:r wiθ him, if ij hæv hærd æ triuθ.
beruwn ðæi ka:l him; but æ merĭer mæn,
wiðin ðe limit ov bikumiŋ mirθ,
ij never spent æn uw,rz ta:k wiða:l:

His eye begets occaſion for his wit,
For euery obiect that the one doth catch,
The other turnes to a mirth-mouing ieſt,
Which his faire tongue (conceits expoſitor)
Deliuers in ſuch apt and gracious words,
That aged eares play treuant at his tales,
And yonger hearings are quite rauiſhed.
So ſweet and voluble is his diſcourſe.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

O WE haue made a Vow to ſtudie, Lords,
And in that vow we haue forſworne our Bookes:
For when would you (my Leege) or you, or you?
In leaden contemplation haue found out
Such fiery Numbers as the prompting eyes,
Of beauties tutors haue inrich'd you with:
Other ſlow Arts intirely keepe the braine:
And therefore finding barraine practizers,
Scarce ſhew a harueſt of their heauy toyle.
But Loue firſt learned in a Ladies eyes,
Liues not alone emured in the braine:
But with the motion of all elements,
Courſes as ſwift as thought in euery power,
And giues to euery power a double power,
Aboue their functions and their offices.
It addes a precious ſeeing to the eye:
A Louers eyes will gaze an Eagle blinde,
A Louers eare will heare the loweſt ſound
When the ſuſpicious head of theft is ſtopt.
Loues feeling is more ſoft and ſenſible,
Then are the tender hornes of Cockled Snayles.

hiz ij bigets okæ:zĭon for hiz wit;
for ev(e)ri obdʒekt dæt de o:n duθ kætʃ
de uder turnz tu æ mirθ-mu:viŋ dʒest,
hwitʃ hiz fæir tuŋ, konsæits ekspozitor,
deliverz in sutʃ æpt ænd græ:sĭus wordz
dæt æ:dʒed e:rz plæi triuænt æt hiz tæ:lz
ænd juŋger he:riŋz ær kwijt ræviʃed;
so swi:t ænd voliub,l iz hiz disku:rs.

* * *

Act IV. Scene iii.

o:, wi hæv mæ:d æ vuw tu studi, lordz,
ænd in dæt vuw wi hæv forsworn uwr bu:ks.
for hwen wu:ld iu, mij li:dʒ, or iu, or iu,
in le(:)d,n kontemplæ:sĭon hæv fuwnd uwt
sutʃ fijri numberz æz de promptiŋ ijz
ov beutiz tiutorz hæv inritʃt iu wiθ?
uder slo: ærts intijrli ki:p de bræin;
ænd de:rfo:r, fijndiŋ bæræin præktiserz,
skærs ʃo: æ hærvest ov dæir he(:)vi toil:
but luv, first lerned in æ læ:diz ijz,
livz not ælo:n imiured in de bræin;
but, widh de mo:sĭon ov a:l elements,
ku:rsez æz swift æz θout in ev(e)ri puwr,
ænd givz tu ev(e)ri puwr æ dub,l puwr,
æbuv dæir fuŋksĭonz ænd dæir ofisez.
it ædz æ presĭus si:iŋ tu de ij;
æ luverz ijz wil gæ:z æn e:g,l blijnd;
æ luverz e:r wil he:r de lo:est suwnd,
hwen de suspisĭus hed ov θeft iz stopt:
luvz fi:liŋ iz mo:r soft ænd sensib,l
den ær de tender hornz ov kokled snæilz;

Loues tongue proues dainty, *Bachus* groſſe in taſte,
For Valour, is not Loue a *Hercules?*
Still climing trees in the *Heſperides.*
Subtill as *Sphinx,* as ſweet and muſicall,
As bright *Apollo's* Lute, ſtrung with his haire.
And when Loue ſpeakes, the voyce of all the Gods,
Make heauen drowſie with the harmonie.
Neuer durſt Poet touch a pen to write,
Vntill his Inke were tempred with Loues ſighes:
O then his lines would rauiſh ſauage eares,
And plant in Tyrants milde humilitie.
From womens eyes this doctrine I deriue.
They ſparcle ſtill the right promethean fire,
They are the Bookes, the Arts, the Achademes,
That ſhew, containe, and nouriſh all the world.
Elſe none at all in aught proues excellent.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

Spring.[1]

WHEN Daſies pied, and Violets blew,
And Ladie-ſmockes all ſiluer white:
And Cuckow-buds of yellow hew,
Do paint the Medowes with delight:[2]
The Cuckow then on euerie tree,
Mockes married men, for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

[1] *Not in F.* [2] *Ll.* 904 *to* 907 *arranged* 904, 906, 905, 907.

luvz tuŋ pru:vz dæinti bækus gro:s in tæ:st:
for vælor, iz not luv æ herkiule:z,
stil klijmiŋ tri:z in ðe hesperide:z?
subtil æz sfiŋks; æz swi:t ænd miuzikæl
æz brijt æpolo:z liut, struŋ wiθ hiz hæir:
ænd hwen luv spe:ks, ðe vois ov a:l ðe godz
mæ:k he(:)v,n druwzi wiθ ðe hærmoni.
never durst po:et tutʃ æ pen tu wrijt
until hiz iŋk wer tempred wiθ luvz sijz;
o:, ðen hiz lijnz wu:ld rævi∫ sævædʒ e:rz
ænd plænt in tijrænts mijld hiumiliti.
from wimenz ijz ðis doktrin ij derijv:
ðæi spærk,l stil ðe rijt prome:θĭæn fijr;
ðæi ær ðe bu:ks, ðe ærts, ðe ækæde:mz,
ðæt ʃo:, kontæin ænd nuri∫ a:l ðe world:
els no:n æt a:l in a:t pru:vz ekselent.

* * *

Act V. Scene ii.

[spriŋ.]

hwen dæiziz pijd ænd vij(o)lets bliu
ænd læ:di-smoks a:l silver hwijt
ænd kukuw-budz ov jelo: hiu
du pæint ðe medouz wiθ delijt,
ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,
moks mærid men; for ðus siŋz hi:,
kukuw;
kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r,
unple:ziŋ tu æ mærid e:r!

When Shepheards pipe on Oaten ſtrawes,
And merrie Larkes are Ploughmens clockes:
When Turtles tread, and Rookes and Dawes,
And Maidens bleach their ſummer ſmockes:
The Cuckow then on euerie tree
Mockes married men; for thus ſings he,
Cuckow.
Cuckow, Cuckow: O word of feare,
Vnpleaſing to a married eare.

Winter.

When Iſicles hang by the wall,
And Dicke the Shepheard[1] blowes his naile;
And Tom beares Logges into the hall,
And Milke comes frozen home in paile:
When blood is nipt, and waies be fowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit.[2]
Tu-whit to-who: A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

When all aloud the winde doth blow,
And coffing drownes the Parſons ſaw:
And birds ſit brooding in the ſnow,
And Marrians noſe lookes red and raw:
When roaſted Crabs hiſſe in the bowle,
Then nightly ſings the ſtaring Owle,
Tu-whit.[2]
Tu whit to-who: A merrie note,
While greaſie Ione doth keele the pot.

---

[1] Sphepheard. [2] *Not in QF.*

hwen ʃepherdz pijp on o:t,n stra:z
ænd meri lærks ær pluwmenz kloks,
hwen turt,lz tre(:)d, ænd ru:ks, ænd da:z,
ænd mæid,nz ble:tʃ ðæir sumer smoks,
ðe kukuw ðen, on ev(e)ri tri:,
moks mærid men; for ðus siŋz hi:,
kukuw;
kukuw, kukuw: o: word ov fe:r,
unple:ziŋ tu æ mærid e:r!

[winter.]

hwen ijsik,lz hæŋ bij ðe wa:l
ænd dik ðe ʃepherd blouz hiz næil
ænd tom be:rz logz intu ðe ha:l
ænd milk kumz fro:z,n ho:m in pæil,
hwen blud iz nipt ænd wæiz bi fuwl,
ðen nijtli siŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwl,
tiu-hwit;
tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,
hwijl gre:si dʒo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot.

hwen a:l æluwd ðe wijnd duθ blo:
ænd kofiŋ druwnz ðe pærsonz sa:
ænd birdz sit bru:diŋ in ðe sno:
ænd mærĭænz no:z lu:ks red ænd ra:,
hwen ro:sted kræbz his in ðe boul,
ðen nijtli siŋz ðe stæ:riŋ uwl,
tiu-hwit;
tiu-hwit, tu-hwu:, æ meri no:t,
hwijl gre:si dʒo:n duθ ki:l ðe pot.

FROM A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

Ob. . . . . . .

MY gentle *Pucke* come hither; thou remembreſt
Since once I ſat vpon a promontory,
And heard a Meare-maide on a Dolphins backe,
Vttering ſuch dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude ſea grew ciuill at her ſong,
And certaine ſtarres ſhot madly from their Spheares,
To heare the Sea-maids muſicke.
Puc. I remember.
Ob. That very time I ſaw [1] (but thou couldſt not)
Flying betweene the cold Moone and the earth,
Cupid all arm'd; a certaine aime he tooke
At a faire Veſtall, throned by the Weſt,
And loos'd his loue-ſhaft ſmartly from his bow,
As it ſhould pierce a hundred thouſand hearts,
But I might ſee young *Cupids* fiery ſhaft
Quencht in the chaſte beames of the watry Moone;
And the imperiall Votreſſe paſſed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell.
It fell vpon a little weſterne flower;
Before, milke-white; now purple with loues wound,
And maidens call it, Loue in idleneſſe.
Fetch me that flower; the hearb I ſhew'd thee once,
The iuyce of it, on ſleeping eye-lids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote

[1] ſay *F*, ſaw *Q*.

From A Midsummer Night's Dream.

From Act II. Scene I.

oberon.] . . . . . .
mij dʒent,l puk, kum heđer. đuw remembrest
sins o:ns ij sæt upon æ promontori,
ænd hærd æ me(:)rmæid on æ dolfinz bæk
ut(e)riŋ sutʃ dulset ænd hærmo:nĭus bre(:)θ
đæt đe riud se: griu sivil æt her soŋ
ænd sertæin stærz ʃot mædli from đæir sfe:rz,
tu he:r đe se:-mæidz miuzik.
puk.] ij remember.
oberon.] đæt veri tijm ij sa:, but đuw ku:ldst not,
flijing bitwi:n đe kould mu:n ænd đe e(:)rθ,
kiupid a:l ærmd: æ sertæin æim hi tu:k
æt æ fæir vestæl θro:ned bij đe west,
ænd lu:st hiz luv-ʃæft smærtli from hiz bo:,
æz it ʃu:ld pe:rs æ hundred θuwzænd hærts;
but ij mijt si: juŋ kiupidz fijri ʃæft
kwentʃt in đe tʃæ(:)st be:mz ov đe wæt(e)ri mu:n,
ænd đe impe:rĭæl vo:t(æ)res pæsed on,
in mæid,n meditæ:sĭon, fænsi-fri:.
jit mærkt ij hwe:r đe boult ov kiupid fel:
it fel upon æ lit,l western fluwr,
bifo:r milk-hwijt, nuw purp,l wiđ luvz wuwnd,
ænd mæid,nz ka:l it luv-in-ijd,lnes.
fetʃ mi đæt fluwr; đe herb ij ʃoud đi o:ns:

đe dʒius ov it on sli:piŋ ij-lidz læid
wil mæ:k or mæn or wumæn mædli do:t

Vpon the next liue creature that it ſees.
Fetch me this hearbe, and be thou heere againe,
Ere the *Leuiathan* can ſwim a league.
Pucke. Ile put a girdle round[1] about the earth,
In forty minutes.[2] . . . . . .

* * *

FROM ACT II. SCENE II.

Fairies Sing.

YOU ſpotted Snakes with double tongue,
Thorny Hedgehogges be not ſeene,
Newts and blinde wormes do no wrong,
Come not neere our Fairy Queene.
Philomele with melodie,
Sing in our[3] ſweet Lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby,
Neuer harme,
Nor ſpell, nor charme,
Come our louely Lady nye,
So good night with Lullaby.

2. Fairy.

Weauing Spiders come not heere,
Hence you long leg'd Spinners, hence:
Beetles blacke approach not neere;
Worme nor Snayle doe no offence.
Philomele with melody, &c.

1. Fairy.

Hence away, now all is well;
One aloofe, ſtand Centinell.

* * *

[1] round *om. F,* round *Q.* [2] *Ll.* 175, 176 *printed as prose.* [3] your *F,* our *Q.*

upon ðe nekst lijv kre:tiur ðæt it si:z.
fetʃ mi ðis herb; ænd bi: ðuw her ægæin
e:r ðe levijæθæn kæn swim æ le:g.
puk.] ijl put æ gird,l ruwnd æbuwt ðe e(:)rθ
in fo:rti miniuts. . . . . .

* * *

From Act II. Scene ii.

[fæiriz siŋ.]

iu spoted snæ:ks wið dub,l tuŋ,
θorni hedʒhogz, bi: not si:n;
niuts ænd blijnd-wurmz, du: no wroŋ,
kum not ne:r uwr fæiri kwi:n.
filomel, wið melodij
siŋ in uwr swi:t lulæbij;
lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij, lulæ, lulæ, lulæbij:
ne(:)ver hærm,
nor spel nor tʃærm,
kum uwr luvlij læ:di nij;
so:, gud nijt, wið lulæbij.

sekond fæiri.]

we:viŋ spijderz, kum not he:r;
hens, iu loŋ-legd spinerz, hens!
bi:t,lz blæk, æpro:tʃ not ne:r;
wurm nor snæil, du: no: ofens.
filomel, wið melodij, &c.

first fæiri.]

hens, æwæi! nuw a:l iz wel:
o:n ælu:f stænd sentinel.

* * *

FROM ACT III. SCENE I.

Bot. WHY do they run away? This is a knauery of them to make me afeard.

Sn. O *Bottom,* thou art chang'd; What doe I ſee on thee?

Bot. What do you ſee? You ſee an Aſſe-head of your owne, do you?

Pet. Bleſſe thee *Bottome,* bleſſe thee; thou art tranſlated.

Bot. I ſee their knauery; this is to make an aſſe of me, to fright me if they could; but I will not ſtirre from this place, do what they can. I will walke vp and downe here, and I will ſing that they ſhall heare I am not afraid.

The Wooſell cocke, ſo blacke of hew,
With Orenge-tawny bill.
The Throſtle, with his note ſo true,
The Wren with[1] little quill.

Tyta. What Angell wakes me from my flowry bed?

Bot.

The Finch, the Sparrow, and the Larke,
The plainſong Cuckow gray;
Whoſe note full many a man doth marke,
And dares not anſwere, nay.

For indeede, who would ſet his wit to ſo fooliſh a bird? Who would giue a bird the lye, though he cry Cuckow, neuer ſo?

[1] and *F,* with *Q.*

From Act III. Scene i.

botom.] hwij du đæi run æwæi? đis iz æ knæ:veri ov đem tu mæ:k mi æfe:rd.

snuwt.] o: botom, đuw ært tʃændʒd! hwæt du ij si: on đi:?

botom.] hwæt du iu si:? iu si: æn æs-hed ov iur oun, du: iu?

pe:ter.] bles đi:, botom! bles đi:! đuw ært trænslæ:ted.

botom.] ij si: đæir knæ:veri: đis iz tu mæ:k æn æs ov mi:; tu frijt mi:, if đæi ku:ld. but ij wil not stur from đis plæ:s, du: hwæt đæi kæn: ij wil wa:k up ænd duwn he:r, ænd ij wil siŋ, đæt đæi ʃæl he:r ij æm not æfræid.

đe wu:z,l kok so blæk ov hiu,
wiđ orændʒ-ta:ni bil,
đe θrost,l wiđ hiz no:t so triu,
đe wren wiđ lit,l kwil,—

titæ:nĭæ.] hwæt ændʒ,l wæ:ks mi from mi fluwri bed?

botom.]

đe fintʃ, đe spæro: ænd đe lærk,
đe plæin-soŋ kukuw græi,
hwu:z no:t ful mænĭ æ mæn duθ mærk,
ænd dæ:rz not ænswer næi;—

for, indi:d, hwu: wu:ld set hiz wit tu so fu:liʃ æ bird? hwu: wu:ld giv æ bird đe lij, đou hi krij "kukuw" never so:?

Tyta. I pray thee gentle mortall, ſing againe,
Mine eare is much enamored of thy note;
So is mine eye enthralled to thy ſhape,
And thy faire vertues force (perforce) doth moue me [1]
On the firſt view to ſay, to ſweare I loue thee.

Bot. Me-thinkes miſtreſſe, you ſhould haue little reaſon for that: and yet to ſay the truth, reaſon and loue keepe little company together, now-adayes. The more the pittie, that ſome honeſt neighbours will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleeke vpon occaſion.

Tyta. Thou art as wiſe, as thou art beautifull.

Bot. Not ſo neither: but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I haue enough to ſerue mine owne turne.

Tyta. Out of this wood, do not deſire to goe,
Thou ſhalt remaine here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a ſpirit of no common rate:
The Summer ſtill doth tend vpon my ſtate,
And I doe loue thee; therefore goe with me,
Ile giue thee Fairies to attend on thee;
And they ſhall fetch thee Iewels from the deepe,
And ſing, while thou on preſſed flowers doſt ſleepe:
And I will purge thy mortall groſſeneſſe ſo,
That thou ſhalt like an airie ſpirit go.
Peaſe-bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, and Muſtard-ſeede![2]

[1] *Ll.* 142, 143, 144 *arranged as* 144, 142, 143.
[2] *The following stage direction takes the place of l.* 165: *Enter Peaſe bloſſome, Cobweb, Moth, Muſtard-ſeede, and foure Fairies.*

titæ:nĭæ.] ij præi ði:, dʒent,l mortæl, siŋ ægæin:
mijn e:r iz mutʃ enæmord ov ðij no:t;
so: iz mijn ij enθra:led tu ðij ʃæ:p;
ænd ðij fæir vertiuz fors perfors duθ mu:v mi:
on ðe first viu tu sæi, tu swe:r, ij luv ði:.

botom.] miθiŋks, mistres, iu ʃu:ld hæv lit,l re:z,n
for ðæt: ænd jit, tu sæi ðe triuθ, re:z,n ænd luv
ki:p lit,l kumpæni tugeder nuw-æ-dæiz; ðe mo:r
ðe piti ðæt sum onest ne:borz wil not mæ:k ðem
frendz. næi, ij kæn gli:k upon okæ:zĭon.

titæ:nĭæ.] ðuw ært æz wijz æz ðuw ært beutiful.

botom.] not so:, ne:ðer: but if ij hæd wit
inuf tu get uwt ov ðis wud, ij hæv inuf tu serv
mijn oun turn.

titæ:nĭæ.] uwt ov ðis wud du: not dezijr tu go::
ðuw ʃælt remæin he:r, hweder[1] ðuw wilt or no:.
ij æm æ spirit ov no komon ræ:t:
ðe sumer stil duθ tend upon mij stæ:t;
ænd ij du luv ði:: de:rfo:r, go: wið mi:;
ijl giv ði fæiriz tu ætend on ði:,
ænd ðæi ʃæl fetʃ ði dʒiuelz from ðe di:p,
ænd siŋ hwijl ðuw on presed fluwrz dust sli:p:
ænd ij wil purdʒ ðij mortæl gro:snes so:
ðæt ðuw ʃælt lijk æn æiri spirit go:.
pe:zblosom! kobweb! moθ! ænd mustærdsi:d!

[1] *Or* hwe:r.

Peaſ. Ready.
Cob. And I.
Moth. And I.
Muſ. And I.
All. Where ſhall we go?[1]

Tita. Be kinde and curteous to this Gentleman,
Hop in his walkes, and gambole in his eies,
Feede him with Apricocks, and Dewberries,
With purple Grapes, greene Figs, and Mulberries,
The honie-bags ſteale from the humble Bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighes,
And light them at the fierie[2] Glow-wormes eyes,
To haue my loue to bed, and to ariſe:
And plucke the wings from painted Butterflies,
To fan the Moone-beames from his ſleeping eies.
Nod to him Elues, and doe him curteſies.

1. Fai. Haile mortall, haile.
2. Fai. Haile.
3. Fai. Haile.

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

Hip. 'TIS ſtrange my *Theſeus,* that theſe louers ſpeake of.
The. More ſtrange then true. I neuer may beleeue
Theſe anticke fables, nor theſe Fairy toyes,
Louers and mad men haue ſuch ſeething braines,
Such ſhaping phantaſies, that apprehend

[1] *Ll.* 166 *to* 170 *printed as one line, as follows:* *Fai.* Ready; and I, and I, and I. Where ſhall we go?
[2] fierie-.

pe:zblosom.] redi.
kobweb.] ænd ij.
moθ.] ænd ij.
mustærdsi:d.] ænd ij.
a:l.] hwe:r ʃæl wi go:?
titæ:nĭæ.] bi kijnd ænd kurtĕus tu đis dʒent,lmæn;
hop in hiz wa:ks ænd gæmbol in hiz ijz;
fi:d him wiđ æ:prikoks ænd deuberiz,
wiđ purp,l græ:ps, gri:n figz, ænd mulberiz;
đe huni-bægz ste:l from đe humb,l-bi:z,
ænd for nijt-tæ:perz krop đæir wæks,n θijz
ænd lijt đem æt đe fijri glo:-wurmz ijz,
tu hæ(:)v mij luv tu bed ænd tu ærijz;
ænd pluk đe wiŋz from pæinted buterflijz
tu fæn đe mu:nbe:mz from hiz sli:piŋ ijz:
nod tu him, elvz, ænd du: him kurtesijz.
first fæiri.] hæil, mortæl, hæil!
sekond fæiri.] hæil!
θird fæiri.] hæil!

* * *

From Act V. Scene i.

hipolitæ.] tiz strændz, mij θe:zĕus, đæt đe:z luverz spe:k ov.
θe:zĕus.] mo:r strændz đen triu: ij ne(:)ver mæi bili:v
đe:z æntik fæ:b,lz, nor đe:z fæiri toiz.
luverz ænd mædmen hæv sutʃ si:điŋ bræinz,
sutʃ ʃæ:piŋ fæntæsiz, đæt æprehend

More then coole reaſon euer comprehends.[1]
The Lunaticke, the Louer, and the Poet,
Are of imagination all compact.
One ſees more diuels then vaſte hell can hold;
That is the mad man. The Louer, all as franticke,
Sees *Helens* beauty in a brow of *Egipt.*
The Poets eye in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heauen to earth, from earth to heauen.[2]
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things vnknowne; the Poets pen
Turnes them to ſhapes, and giues to airy[3] nothing,
A locall habitation, and a name.
Such tricks hath ſtrong imagination,[4]
That if it would but apprehend ſome ioy,
It comprehends ſome bringer of that ioy.
Or in the night, imagining ſome feare,
How eaſie is a buſh ſuppos'd a Beare?
Hip. But all the ſtorie of the night told ouer,
And all their minds transfigur'd ſo together,
More witneſſeth than fancies images,
And growes to ſomething of great conſtancie;
But howſoeuer, ſtrange, and admirable.

---

[1] *L.* 5 *ends with* more. [2] *L.* 12 *ends with* glance. [3] aire. [4] *Ll.* 14 *to* 18 *printed as four, ending with* things . . . ſhapes . . . habitation . . . imagination.

mo:r ðen ku:l re:z,n ever komprehendz.
ðe liunætik, ðe luver ænd ðe po:et
ær ov imædʒinæ:sĭon a:l kompækt.
o:n si:z mo:r di:vilz[1] ðen væst hel kæn hould,
ðæt iz, ðe mædmæn: ðe luver, a:l æz fræntik,
si:z helenz beuti in æ bruw ov e:dʒipt:
ðe po:ets ij, in æ fijn frenzi rouliŋ,
duθ glæns from he(:)vn tu e(:)rθ, from e(:)rθ tu he(:)vn;
ænd æz imædʒinæ:sĭon bodiz furθ
ðe fo(:)rms ov θiŋz unknoun, ðe po:ets pen
turnz ðem tu ʃæ:ps ænd ɡivz tu æiri noθiŋ
æ lo:kæl hæbitæ:sĭon ænd æ næ:m.
sutʃ triks hæθ stroŋ imædʒinæ:sion,
ðæt, if it wu:ld but æprehend sum dʒoi,
it komprehendz sum briŋɡer ov ðæt dʒoi;
or in ðe nijt, imædʒiniŋ sum fe:r,
huw e:zi iz æ buʃ supo:zd æ be:r!

hipolitæ.] but a:l ðe sto:ri ov ðe nijt tould o(:)ver,
ænd a:l ðæir mijndz trænsfiɡiurd so: tuɡeðer,
mo:r witneseθ ðæn fænsiz imædʒez
ænd ɡrouz tu sumθiŋ ov gre:t konstænsi;
but, huwsoever, strændʒ ænd ædmiræb,l.

---

[1] *Or* di:v,lz.

FROM THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

FROM ACT III. SCENE II.

A Song.

TELL me where is fancie bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head:
How begot, how nouriſhed.
Replie, replie.
It is engendred in the eyes,
With gazing fed, and Fancie dies,
In the cradle where it lies:
Let vs all ring Fancies knell.
Ile begin it. Ding, dong, bell.
All. Ding, dong, bell.

* * *

FROM ACT IV. SCENE I.

THE quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle raine from heauen
Vpon the place beneath. It is twice bleſt,
It bleſſeth him that giues, and him that takes,
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt, it becomes
The throned Monarch better then his Crowne.
His Scepter ſhewes the force of temporall power,
The attribute to awe and Maieſtie,
Wherein doth ſit this dread and feare of Kings:
But mercy is aboue this ſceptred ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of Kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelfe;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt Gods

From The Merchant of Venice.

From Act III. Scene ii.

[æ soŋ.]

tel mi: hwe:r iz fænsi bred,
or in ðe hært or in ðe hed?
huw bigot, huw nuriʃed?
  replij, replij.
it iz endʒendred in ðe ijz,
wiθ gæ:ziŋ fed; ænd fænsi dijz
in ðe kræ:d,l hwe:r it lijz.
  let us a:l riŋ fænsiz knel:
  ijl bigin it,—diŋ, doŋ, bel.
a:l.] diŋ, doŋ, bel.

* * *

From Act IV. Scene i.

ðe kwæliti ov mersi iz not stræind,
it dropeθ æz ðe dʒent,l ræin from he(:)vn
upon ðe plæ:s bine:th: it iz twijs blest;
it bleseθ him ðæt giv ænd him ðæt tæ:ks:
tiz mijtïest in ðe mijtïest: it bikumz
ðe θro:ned monærk beter ðen hiz kruwn;
hiz septer ʃouz ðe fors ov temporæl puwr,
ðe ætribiut tu a: ænd mædʒesti,
hwe:rin duθ sit ðe dre(:)d ænd fe:r ov kiŋz;
but mersi iz æbuv ðis septred swæi;
it iz enθro:ned in ðe hærts ov kiŋz,
it iz æn ætribiut tu god himself;
ænd e(:)rθli puwr duθ ðen ʃo: lijkest godz

When mercie ſeaſons Iuſtice. Therefore Iew,
Though Iustice be thy plea, conſider this,
That in the courſe of Iustice, none of vs
Should ſee ſaluation: we do pray for mercie,
And that ſame prayer, doth teach vs all to render
The deeds of mercie. . . . . .

* * *

FROM ACT V. SCENE I.

Lor. THE moone ſhines bright. In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet winde did gently kiſſe the trees,
And they did make no noyſe,[1] in ſuch a night
Troylus me thinkes mounted the Troian walls,
And ſigh'd his ſoule toward the Grecian tents
Where *Creſſed*[2] lay that night.
Ief. In ſuch a night
Did *Thisbie* fearefully ore-trip the dewe,
And ſaw the Lyons ſhadow ere himſelfe,
And ranne diſmayed away.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Stood *Dido* with a Willow in her hand
Vpon the wilde ſea bankes, and waft her Loue
To come againe to Carthage.
Ief. In ſuch a night
Medea gathered the inchanted hearbs
That did renew old *Eſon.*
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did *Ieſſica* ſteale from the wealthy Iewe,
And with an Vnthrift Loue did runne from Venice,
As farre as Belmont.

[1] nnyſe *(misprint).* [2] *Sic.*

hwen mersi se:z,nz dʒustis. ðe:rfo:r, dʒiu,
ðou dʒustis bi: ðij ple:, konsider ðis,
ðæt, in ðe ku:rs ov dʒustis, no:n ov us
ʃu:ld si: sælvæ:sĭon: wi du præi for mersi;
ænd ðæt sæ:m præir duθ te:tʃ us a:l tu render
ðe di:dz ov mersi. . . . . .

* * *

From Act V. Scene i.

lorenzo:.] ðe mu:n ʃijnz brijt: in sutʃ æ nijt
æz ðis,
hwen ðe swi:t wijnd did dʒentli kis ðe tri:z
ænd ðæi did mæ:k no noiz, in sutʃ æ nijt
troilus miθiŋks muwnted ðe tro:dʒæn wa:lz
ænd sijd hiz soul towærd ðe gre:sĭæn tents,
hwe:r kresid læi ðæt nijt.

dʒesikæ.] in sutʃ æ nijt
did θizbe fe:rfuli o:rtrip ðe deu
ænd sa: ðe lijonz ʃædo: e:r himself
ænd ræn dismæid æwæi.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ nijt
stu(:)d dijdo: wið æ wilo: in her hænd
upon ðe wijld se: bæŋks ænd wæft her luv
tu kum ægæin tu kærθædʒ.

dʒesikæ.] in sutʃ æ nijt
mede:æ gæðred ðe intʃænted herbz
ðæt did reniu ould e:zon.

lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ nijt
did dʒesikæ ste:l from ðe welθi dʒiu
ænd wið æn unθrift luv did run from venis
æz fær æz belmont.

Ief. In ſuch a night
Did young *Lorenzo* ſweare he lou'd her well,
Stealing her ſoule with many vowes of faith,
And nere a true one.
Loren. In ſuch a night
Did pretty *Ieſſica* (like a little ſhrow)
Slander her Loue, and he forgaue it her.
Ieſſi. I would out-night you did no body come:
But harke, I heare the footing of a man.

. . . . . .

Loren. . . . . . .

How ſweet the moone-light ſleepes vpon this banke,
Heere will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſicke
Creepe in our eares, ſoft ſtilnes and[1] the night
Become the tutches of ſweet harmonie:
Sit *Ieſſica,* looke how the floore of heauen
Is thicke inlayed with pattens of bright gold,
There's not the ſmalleſt orbe which thou beholdſt
But in his motion like an Angell ſings,
Still quiring to the young eyed Cherubins;
Such harmonie is in immortall ſoules,
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe it in,[2] we cannot heare it:
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with a hymne,
With ſweeteſt tutches pearce your Miſtreſſe eare,
And draw her home with muſicke.
Ieſſi. I am neuer merry when I heare ſweet muſique.
Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentiue:
For doe but note a wilde and wanton heard
Or race of youthful and vnhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,

[1] e. ſ. ſtilnes, and *F, as above Q.* [2] in it.

dʒesikæ.] in sutʃ æ nijt
did juŋ lorenzo: swe:r hi luvd her wel,
ste:liŋ her soul wiđ mæni vuwz ov fæiθ
ænd ne:r æ triu o:n.
lorenzo:.] in sutʃ æ nijt
did priti[1] dʒesikæ, lijk æ lit,l ʃro:,
slænder her luv, ænd hi: forgæ:v it her.
dʒesikæ.] ij wu:ld uwt-nijt iu, did no bodi kum;
but, hærk, ij he:r đe fu:tiŋ ov æ mæn.

. . . . . .

lorenzo:.] . . . . . .
huw swi:t đe mu:nlijt sli:ps upon đis bæŋk!
he:r wil wi sit ænd let đe suwndz ov miuzik
kri:p in uwr e:rz: soft stilnes ænd đe nijt
bikum đe tutʃez ov swi:t hærmoni.
sit, dʒesikæ. lu:k huw đe flu:r ov he(:)vn
iz θik inlæid wiđ pætenz ov brijt gould:
đerz not đe sma:lest orb hwitʃ đuw bihouldst
but in hiz mo:sĭon lijk æn ændʒ,l siŋz,
stil kwijriŋ tu đe juŋ-ijd tʃerubinz;
sutʃ hærmoni iz in imortæl soulz;
but hwijlst đis mudi vestiur ov dekæi
duθ gro:sli klo:z it in, wi kænot he:r it.
kum, ho:! ænd wæ:k diænæ wiđ æ him:
wiđ swi:test tutʃez pe:rs iur mistres e:r
ænd dra: her ho:m wid miuzik.
dʒesikæ.] ij (æ)m never meri hwen ij he:r swi:t
miuzik.
lorenzo:.] đe re:z,n iz, iur spirits ær ætentiv:
for du: but no:t æ wijld ænd wænton herd,
or ræ:s ov jiuθful ænd unhændled koults,
fetʃiŋ mæd buwndz, belŏiŋ ænd ne:iŋ luwd,

[1] *Or* preti.

Which is the hot condition of their bloud,
If they but heare perchance a trumpet ſound,
Or any ayre of muſicke touch their eares,
You ſhall perceiue them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſauage eyes turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweet power of muſicke: therefore the Poet
Did faine that *Orpheus* drew trees, ſtones, and floods:
Since naught ſo ſtockiſh, hard, and full of rage,
But muſicke for the[1] time doth change his nature,
The man that hath no muſicke in himſelfe,
Nor is not moued with concord of ſweet ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoyles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
And his affections darke as *Erobus,*[2]
Let no ſuch man be truſted. . . . . .

FROM AS YOU LIKE IT.

FROM ACT II. SCENE I.

Duk. Sen. NOW my Coe-mates, and brothers in exile:
Hath not old cuſtome made this life more ſweete
Then that of painted pompe? Are not theſe woods
More free from perill then the enuious Court?
Heere feele we but[3] the penaltie of *Adam,*
The ſeaſons difference, as the Icie phange
And churliſh chiding of the winters winde,
Which when it bites and blowes vpon my body
Euen till I ſhrinke with cold, I ſmile, and ſay
This is no flattery: theſe are counſellors

[1] the *om. F,* the *Q.* [2] *Sic F,* Terebus *Q.* [3] not.

hwitʃ iz ðe hot kondisĭon ov ðæir blud;
if ðæi but he:r pertʃæns æ trumpet suwnd,
or æni æir ov miuzik tutʃ ðæir e:rz,
iu ʃæl perse:v ðem mæ:k æ miutĭŭæl stænd,
ðæir sævædʒ ijz turnd tu æ modest ɡæ:z
bij ðe swi:t puwr ov miuzik: ðe:rfo:r ðe po:et
did fæin ðæt orfĕus driu tri:z, sto:nz ænd fludz;
sins na:t so stokiʃ, hærd, ænd ful ov ræ:dʒ,
but miuzik for ðe tijm duθ tʃændʒ hiz næ:tiur.
ðe mæn ðæt hæθ no miuzik in himself,
nor iz not mu:vd wiđ konkord ov swi:t suwndz,
iz fit for tre:z,nz, strætædʒemz, ænd spoilz;
ðe mo:sĭonz ov hiz spir(i)t ær dul æz nijt,
ænd hiz æfeksĭonz dærk æz erebus:
let no: sutʃ mæn bi trusted. . . . . .

From As You Like It.

From Act II. Scene i.

diuk se:nĭor.] nuw, mij ko:-mæ:ts ænd bruðerz
in eksijl,
hæθ not ould kustom mæ:d ðis lijf mo:r swi:t
ðen ðæt ov pæinted pomp? ær not ðe:z wudz
mo:r fri: from peril ðen ðe envĭus ku:rt?
he:r fi:l wi but ðe penælti ov ædæm,
ðe se:z,nz dif(e)rens, æz ðe ijsi fæŋ
ænd tʃurliʃ tʃijdiŋ ov ðe winterz wijnd,
hwitʃ, hwen it bijts ænd blouz upon mij bodi,
i:vn til ij ʃriŋk wiđ kould, ij smijl ænd sæi
"ðis iz no flæt(e)ri: ðe:z ær kuwnselorz

That feelingly perſwade me what I am:
Sweet are the vſes of aduerſitie
Which like the toad, ougly and venemous,
Weares yet a precious Iewell in his head:
And this our life exempt from publike haunt,
Findes tongues in trees, bookes in the running brookes,
Sermons in ſtones, and good in euery thing.
I would not change it.[1]
Amien. Happy is your Grace
That can tranſlate the ſtubbornneſſe of fortune
Into ſo quiet and ſo ſweet a ſtile.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE V.

Song.

VNDER the greene wood tree,
Who loues to lye with mee,
And turne his merrie Note,
Vnto the ſweet Birds throte:
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Heere ſhall he ſee
No enemie,
But Winter and rough Weather.

Who doth ambition ſhunne,
And loues to liue i'th Sunne:
Seeking the food he eates,
And pleas'd with what he gets:
Come hither, come hither, come hither,
Heere ſhall he ſee, &c.

* * *

[1] I would not change it, . . . *given to Amiens.*

ðæt fi:liŋli pərswæ:d mi hwæt ij æm."
swi:t ær ðe iusez ov ædversiti,
hwitʃ, lijk ðe to:d, ugli ænd venemus,
we:rz jit æ presĭus dʒiuel in hiz hed;
ænd ðis uwr lijf eksempt from publik ha:nt
fijndz tuŋz in tri:z, bu:ks in ðe runiŋ bru:ks,

sermonz in sto:nz ænd gud in ev(e)ri θiŋ.
ij wu:ld not tʃændʒ it.
æmĭenz.] hæpi iz iur græ:s,
ðæt kæn trænslæ:t ðe stubornes ov fortiun
intu so kwijet ænd so swi:t æ stijl.

* * *

Act II. Scene v.

[soŋ.]

under ðe gri:nwud tri:
hwu: luvz tu lij wið mi:,
ænd turn hiz meri no:t
untu ðe swi:t birdz θro:t,
kum heðer, kum heðer, kum heðer:
he:r ʃæl hi si:
no enemi:
but winter ænd ruf weðer.

hwu: duθ æmbisĭon ʃun
ænd luvz tu liv iđ sun,
si:kiŋ ðe fu:d hi e:ts
ænd ple:zd wið hwæt hi gets,
kum heðer, kum heðer, kum heðer,
he:r ʃæl hi si:, &c.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE VII.

ALL the world's a ſtage,
And all the men and women, meerely Players;
They haue their *Exits* and their Entrances,
And one man in his time playes many parts,
His Acts being ſeuen ages. At firſt the Infant,
Mewling, and puking in the Nurſes armes:
Then, the whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And ſhining morning face, creeping like ſnaile
Vnwillingly to ſchoole. And then the Louer,
Sighing like Furnace, with a wofull ballad,
Made to his Miſtreſſe eye-brow. Then, a Soldier,
Full of ſtrange oaths, and bearded like the Pard,
Ielous in honor, ſodaine, and quicke in quarrell,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Euen in the Canons mouth: And then, the Iuſtice,
In faire round belly, with good Capon lin'd,
With eyes ſeuere, and beard of formall cut,
Full of wiſe ſawes, and moderne inſtances,
And ſo he playes his part. The ſixt age ſhifts
Into the leane and ſlipper'd Pantaloone,
With ſpectacles on noſe, and pouch on ſide,
His youthfull hoſe well ſau'd, a world too wide,
For his ſhrunke ſhanke, and his bigge manly voice,
Turning againe toward childiſh trebble pipes,
And whiſtles in his ſound. Laſt Scene of all,
That ends this ſtrange euentfull hiſtorie,
Is ſecond childiſhneſſe, and meere obliuion,
Sans teeth, ſans eyes, ſans taſte, ſans euery thing.

* *
*

Act II. Scene vii.

a:l đe worldz æ stæ:dʒ,
ænd a:l đe men ænd wimen me:rli plæierz:
đæi hæ:v đæir eksits ænd đæir entrænsez;
ænd o:n mæn in hiz tijm plæiz mæni pærts,
hiz ækts bi:(i)ŋ sev,n æ:dʒez. æt first đe' infænt,
meuliŋ ænd piukiŋ in đe nursez ærmz.
đen—đe hwijniŋ sku:l-boi, wiđ hiz sætʃ,l
ænd ʃijniŋ morniŋ fæ:s, kri:piŋ lijk snæil
unwiliŋli tu sku:l. ænd đen đe luver,
sijiŋ lijk furnæs, wiđ æ wo:ful bælæd
mæ:d tu hiz mistres ijbruw. đen æ souldĭer,
ful ov strændʒ o:θs ænd berded lijk đe pærd,
dʒelus in onor, sudæin ænd kwik in kwærel,
si:kiŋ đe bub,l repiutæ:sion
i:vn in đe kænonz muwθ. ænd đen đe dʒustis,
in fæir ruwnd beli wiđ gud kæ:p,n lijnd,
wiđ ijz seve:r ænd berd ov formæl kut,
ful ov wijz sa:z ænd modern instænsez;
ænd so: hi: plæiz hiz pært. đe sikst æ:dʒ ʃifts
intu đe le:n ænd sliperd pæntælu:n,
wiđ spektæk,lz on no:z ænd puwtʃ on sijd,
hiz jiuθful ho:z, wel sæ:vd, æ world tu: wijd
for hiz ʃruŋk ʃæŋk; ænd hiz biʒ mænli vois,
turniŋ ægæin towærd[1] tʃijldiʃ treb,l, pijps
ænd hwist,lz in hiz suwnd. læst se:n ov a:l,
dæt ends đis strændʒ eventful histori,
iz sekond tʃijldiʃnes ænd me:r oblivĭon,
sænz ti:θ, sænz ijz, sænz tæ:st, sænz ev(e)ri θiŋ.

* * *

[1] *Or* to:rd.

Song.

BLOW, blow, thou winter winde,
Thou art not ſo vnkinde,
As mans ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not ſo keene,
Becauſe thou art not ſeene,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho, ſing heigh ho, vnto the greene holly,
Moſt frendſhip, is fayning; moſt Louing, meere folly:
Then[1] heigh ho, the holly,
This life is moſt iolly.

Freize, freize, thou bitter skie
That doſt not bight ſo nigh
As benefitts forgot:
Though thou the waters warpe,
Thy ſting is not ſo ſharpe,
As freind remembred not.
Heigh ho, ſing, &c.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Song.

IT was a Louer, and his laſſe,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o're the greene corne feild did paſſe,
In[2] ſpring time, the onely pretty ring[3] time,
When Birds do ſing, hey ding a ding, ding.
Sweet Louers loue the ſpring.[4]

[1] The. [2] In the. [3] rang. [4] *The last stanza is printed as the second.*

[soŋ.]

blo:, blo:, ðuw winter wijnd,
ðuw ært not so unkijnd
æz mænz ingrætitiud;
ðij tu:θ iz not so kijn,
bika:z ðuw ært not si:n,
a:ldu ðij bre(:)θ bi riud.
hæi-ho:! siŋ, hæi-ho:! untu ðe gri:n holi:
mo:st frendʃip iz fæiniŋ, mo:st luviŋ me:r foli:
ðen, hæi-ho:, ðe holi!
ðis lijf iz mo:st dʒoli.

fri:z, fri:z, ðuw biter skij,
dæt dust not bijt so nij
æz benefits forgot:
ðou ðuw ðe wæterz wærp,
ðij stiŋ iz not so ʃærp
æz frend remembred not.
hæi-ho:! siŋ, *&c.*

* * *

Act V. Scene iii.

[soŋ.]

it wæz æ luver ænd hiz læs,
wið æ hæi, ænd æ ho:, ænd æ hæi nonino:,
ðæt o:r ðe gri:n kornfi:ld did pæs
in spriŋ tijm, ðe o:nli preti riŋ tijm,
hwen birdz du siŋ, hæi diŋ æ diŋ, diŋ:
swi:t luverz luv ðe spriŋ.

Betweene the acres of the Rie,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:
Theſe prettie Country folks would lie,
In ſpring time, &c.

This Carroll they began that houre,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino:
How that a life was but a Flower,
In ſpring time, &c.

And therefore take the preſent time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For loue is crowned with the prime,
In ſpring time, &c.

FROM THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Pet. . . . . . .
Come *Kate* ſit downe, I know you haue a ſtomacke,
Will you giue thankes, ſweete *Kate,* or elſe ſhall I?
What's this, Mutton?
1. Ser. I.
Pet. Who brought it?
Peter. I.
Pet. 'Tis burnt, and ſo is all the meate:
What dogges are theſe? Where is the raſcall Cooke?
How durſt you villaines bring it from the dreſſer
And ſerue it thus to me that loue it not?
There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all:
You heedleſſe iolt-heads, and vnmanner'd ſlaues.
What, do you grumble? Ile be with you ſtraight.

bitwiːn ðe æːkerz ov ðe rij,
wið æ hæi, ænd æ hoː, ænd æ hæi noninoː,
ðeːz preti kuntri foːks wuːld lij,
in spriŋ tijm, *&c.*

ðis kærol ðæi bigæn ðæt uwr,
wið æ hæi, ænd æ hoː, ænd æ hæi noninoː,
huw ðæt æ lijf wæz but æ fluwr
in spriŋ tijm, *&c.*

ænd ðeːrfoːr tæːk ðe prezent tijm,
wið æ hæi, ænd æ hoː, ænd æ hæi nonino:;
for luv iz kruwned wið ðe prijm
in spriŋ tijm, *&c.*

From The Taming of the Shrew.

Act IV. Scene i.

petruːkĭoː.] . . . . . .
kum, kæːt, sit duwn; ij knoː iu hæv æ stumæk.
wil iu ɡiv θæŋks, swiːt kæːt; or els ʃæl ij?
hwæts ðis? mut,n?
first servænt.] ij.
petruːkĭoː.] hwuː brout it?
peːter.] ij.
petruːkĭoː.] tiz burnt; ænd soː iz aːl ðe meːt.
hwæt dogz ær ðeːz! hweːr iz ðe ræskæl kuːk?
huw durst iu, vilæinz, briŋ it from ðe dreser,
ænd serv it ðus tu miː ðæt luv it not?
ðeːr, tæːk it tu iu, trentʃerz, kups, ænd aːl:
iu hiːdles dʒoulthedz ænd unmænerd slæːvz!
hwæt, du iu ɡrumb,l? ijl bi wið iu stræit.

Kate. I pray you husband be not ſo diſquiet,
The meate was well, if you were ſo contented.
Pet. I tell thee *Kate,* 'twas burnt and dried away,
And I expreſſely am forbid to touch it:
For it engenders choller, planteth anger,
And better 'twere that both of vs did faſt,
Since of our ſelues, our ſelues are chollericke,
Then feede it with ſuch over-roſted fleſh:
Be patient, to morrow't ſhal be mended,
And for this night we'l faſt for companie.
Come I wil bring thee to thy Bridall chamber.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

Fie, fie, vnknit that threatning[1] vnkinde brow,
And dart not ſcornefull glances from thoſe eies,
To wound thy Lord, thy King, thy Gouernour.
It blots thy beautie, as froſts doe bite the Meads,
Confounds thy fame, as whirlewinds ſhake faire budds,
And in no ſence is meete or amiable.
A woman mou'd, is like a fountaine troubled,
Muddie, ill ſeeming, thicke, bereft of beautie,
And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſtie
Will daigne to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
Thy husband is thy Lord, thy life, thy keeper,
Thy head, thy ſoueraigne: One that cares for thee,
And for thy maintenance commits[2] his body
To painfull labour, both by ſea and land:
To watch the night in ſtormes, the day in cold,

[1] thretaning. [2] maintenance. Commits.

kæ:t.] ij præi iu, huzbænd, bi not so diskwijet:
ðe me:t wæz wel, if iu wer so kontented.
petru:kĭo:.] ij tel ði:, kæ:t, twæz burnt ænd drijd
æwæi;
ænd ij ekspresli æm forbid tu tutʃ it,
for it indʒenderz koler, plænteθ æŋger;
ænd beter twe:r ðæt bo:θ ov us did fæst,
sins, ov uwrselvz, uwrselvz ær kolerik,
ðen fi:d it wiđ sutʃ over-ro:sted fleʃ.
bi pæ:sient; tu-morout ʃæl bi mended,
ænd, for ðis nijt, wi:l fæst for kumpæni:
kum, ij wil briŋ ði tu ðij brijdæl tʃæmber.

* * *

Act V. Scene ii.

fij, fij! unknit ðæt θre(:)tniŋ unkijnd bruw,
ænd dært not skornful glænsez from ðo:z ijz,
tu wuwnd ðij lord, ðij kiŋ, ðij guvernor:
it blots ðij beutĭ æz frosts du bijt ðe me:dz,
konfuwndz ðij fæ:m æz hwirlwijndz ʃæ:k fæir budz,
ænd in no: sens iz mi:t or æ:mĭæb,l.[1]
æ wumæn mu:vd iz lijk æ fuwntæin trubled,
mudi, il-si:miŋ, θik, bireft ov beuti;
ænd hwijl it iz so:, no:n so drij or θirsti
wil dæin tu sip or tutʃ o:n drop ov it.
ðij huzbænd iz ðij lord, ðij lijf, ðij ki:per,
ðij hed, ðij suv(e)ræin; o:n ðæt kæ:rz for ði:,
ænd for ðij mæintenæns komits hiz bodi
tu pæinful læ:bor bo:θ bij se: ænd lænd,
tu wætʃ ðe nijt in stormz, ðe dæi in kould,

[1] *Or* æ:miæbl.

Whil'ſt thou ly'ſt warme at home, ſecure and ſafe,
And craues no other tribute at thy hands,
But loue, faire lookes, and true obedience;
Too little payment for ſo great a debt.
Such dutie as the ſubiect owes the Prince,
Euen ſuch a woman oweth to her husband:
And when ſhe is froward, peeuiſh, ſullen, ſowre,
And not obedient to his honeſt will,
What is ſhe but a foule contending Rebell,
And graceleſſe Traitor to her louing Lord?
I am aſham'd that women are ſo ſimple,
To offer warre, where they ſhould kneele for peace:
Or ſeeke for rule, ſupremacie, and ſway,
When they are bound to ſerue, loue, and obay.
Why are our bodies ſoft, and weake, and ſmooth,
Vnapt to toyle and trouble in the world,
But that our ſoft conditions, and our harts,
Should well agree with our externall parts?
Come, come, you froward and vnable wormes,
My minde hath bin as bigge as one of yours,
My heart as great, my reaſon haplie more,
To bandie word for word, and frowne for frowne;
But now I ſee our Launces are but ſtrawes:
Our ſtrength as weake, our weakeneſſe paſt compare,
That ſeeming to be moſt, which we indeed leaſt are.
Then vale your ſtomackes, for it is no boote,
And place your hands below your husbands foote:
In token of which dutie, if he pleaſe,
My hand is readie, may it do him eaſe.

hwijlst ðuw lijst wærm æt ho:m, sekiur ænd sæ:f;
ænd kræ:vz no uðer tribiut æt ðij hændz
but luv, fæir lu:ks ænd triu obe:diens;
tu: lit,l pæiment for so gre:t æ det.
sutʃ diuti æz ðe subdʒekt ouz ðe prins
i:vn sutʃ æ wumæn o:eθ tu her huzbænd;
ænd hwen ʃi ĭz[1] frowærd, pi:viʃ, sulen, suwr,
ænd not obe:dĭent tu hiz onest wil,
hwæt iz ʃi but æ fuwl kontendiŋ rebel
ænd græ:sles træitor tu her luviŋ lord?
ij æm æʃæ:md ðæt wimen ær so simp,l
tu ofer wær hwe:r ðæi ʃu:ld kni:l for pe:s,
or si:k for riul, siupremæsi ænd swæi,
hwen ðæi ær buwnd tu serv, luv ænd obæi.
hwij ær uwr bodiz soft ænd we:k ænd smu:θ,
unæpt tu toil ænd trub,l in ðe world,
but ðæt uwr soft kondisĭonz ænd uwr hærts
ʃu:ld wel ægri: wið uwr eksternæl pærts?
kum, kum, iu frowærd ænd unæ:b,l wurmz!
mij mijnd hæθ bi:n[2] æz biŋ æz o:n ov iurz,
mij hært æz gre:t, mij re:z,n hæpli mo:r,
tu bændi word for word ænd fruwn for fruwn;
but nuw ij si: uwr lænsez ær but stra:z,
uwr streŋθ æz we:k, uwr we:knes pæst kompæ:r,
ðæt si:miŋ tu bi mo:st hwitʃ wi indi:d le:st æ:r.
ðen væil iur stumæks, for it iz no bu:t,
ænd plæ:s iur hændz bilo: iur huzbændz fu:t:
in to:k,n ov hwitʃ diuti, if hi ple:z,
mij hænd iz re(:)di; mæi it du: him e:z.

---

[1] *Or* ʃi:z. [2] bin.

From Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

Act I. Scene i.

If Muſicke be the food of Loue, play on,
Giue me exceſſe of it: that ſurfetting,
The appetite may ſicken, and ſo dye.
That ſtraine agen, it had a dying fall:
O, it came ore my eare, like the ſweet ſound
That breathes vpon a banke of Violets;
Stealing, and giuing Odour. Enough, no more,
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of Loue, how quicke and freſh art thou,
That notwithſtanding thy capacitie,
Receiueth as the Sea. Nought enters there,
Of what validity, and pitch ſo ere,
But falles into abatement, and low price
Euen in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes is fancie,
That it alone, is high fantaſticall.

* * *

Act II. Scene iii.

Clowne ſings.

O Miſtris mine where are you roming?
O ſtay and heare, your true loues coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further prettie ſweeting:
Iourneys end in louers meeting,
Euery wiſe mans ſonne doth know.

From Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.

Act I. Scene i.

if miuzik bi đe fu:d ov luv, plæi on;
giv mi ekses ov it, đæt, surfetiŋ,
đe æpetijt mæi sik,n, ænd so: dij.
đæt stræin ægæin![1] it hæd æ dijiŋ fa:l:
o:, it kæ:m o:r mij e:r lijk đe swi:t suwnd,
đæt bre:đz upon æ bæŋk ov vijolets,
ste:liŋ ænd giviŋ o:dor! inuf; no mo:r:
tiz not so swi:t nuw æz it wæz bifo:r.
o: spir(i)t ov luv! huw kwik ænd freʃ ært đuw,
đæt, notwiθstændiŋ đij kæpæsiti
rese:veθ æz đe se:, nout enterz đe:r,
ov hwæt vælidi ti ænd pitʃ soe:r,
but fa:lz intu æbæ:tment ænd lo: prijs,
i:vn in æ miniut: so ful ov ʃæ:ps iz fænsi
đæt it æslo:n iz hij fæntæstikæl.

* * *

Act II. Scene iii.

[kluwn siŋz.]

o: mistres mijn, hwe:r ær iu ro:miŋ?
o:, stæi ænd he:r; iur triu luvz ku(:)miŋ,
đæt kæn siŋ bo:θ hij ænd lo::
trip no furđer, priti swi:tiŋ;
dʒurnæiz end in luverz mi:tiŋ
ev(e)ri wijz mænz sun duθ kno:.

[1] *Or* ægen.

What is loue, tis not heereafter,
Preſent mirth, hath preſent laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill vnſure.
In delay there lies no plentie,
Then come kiſſe me ſweet and twentie:
Youths a ſtuffe will not endure.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Song.

COME away, come away death,
And in ſad cypreſſe let me be laide.
Flye[1] away, flie[2] away breath,
I am ſlaine by a faire cruell maide:
My ſhrowd of white, ſtuck all with Ew,
O prepare it.
My part of death no one ſo true
Did ſhare it.

Not a flower, not a flower ſweete
On my blacke coffin, let there be ſtrowne:[3]
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poore corpes, where my bones ſhall be throwne:
A thouſand thouſand ſighes to ſaue,
Lay me ô where
Sad true louer neuer find my graue,
To weepe there.

* * *

[1] Fye. [2] fie. [3] ſtrewne.

hwæt iz luv? tiz not he:ræfter;
prezent mirθ hæθ prezent læfter;
hwæts tu kum iz stil unsiur:
in delæi ðer lijz no plenti;
ðen kum kis mi, swi:t ænd twenti,
jiuθs æ stuf wil not endiur.[1]

* * *

Act II. Scene iv.

[soŋ.]

kum æwæi, kum æwæi, dė(:)θ,
ænd in sæd sijpres let mi bi læid;
flij æwæi, flij æwæi, bre(:)θ;
ij æm slæin bij æ fæir kriuel mæid.
mij ʃruwd ov hwijt, stuk a:l wiđ iu,
o:, prepæ:r it!
mij pært ov de(:)θ, no o:n so triu
did ʃæ:r it.

not æ fluwr, not æ fluwr swi:t,
on mij blæk kofin let ðer bi stroun;
not æ frend, not æ frend gri:t
mij pu:r korps, hwe:r mij bo:nz ʃæl bi θroun:
æ θuwzænd θuwzænd sijz tu sæ:v,
læi mi, o:, hwe:r
sæd triu luver never[2] fijnd mij græ:v,
tu wi:p ðe:r!

* * *

[1] *Or* indiur. [2] ne:r.

Act III. Scene iv.

Ol. . . . . . .

How now *Maluolio?*

Mal. Sweet Lady, ho, ho.

Ol. Smil'ſt thou?

I ſent for thee vpon a ſad occaſion.[1]

Mal. Sad Lady, I could be ſad: This does make ſome obſtruction in the blood: This croſſe-gartering, but what of that?[2] If it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true Sonnet is: Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.

Ol.[3] Why how doeſt thou man?[4] What is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not blacke in my minde, though yellow in my legges: It did come to his hands, and Commaunds ſhall be executed. I thinke we doe know the ſweet Romane hand.

Ol. Wilt thou go to bed *Maluolio?*

Mal. To bed? I ſweet heart, and Ile come to thee.

Ol. God comfort thee: Why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſſe thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you *Maluolio?*

Maluo. At your requeſt:[4] Yes, Nightingales anſwere Dawes.

Mar. Why appeare you with this ridiculous boldneſſe before my Lady.

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſſe: 'twas well writ.

[1] *Ll.* 19, 20 *printed as one line.* [2] *Ll.* 21 *to* 24 (. . . that?) *printed as three lines ending* ſad: — blood: —that? [3] *Mal.* [4] *Line ends here.*

Act III. Scene iv.

olivĭæ.] . . . . . .
huw nuw, mælvo:lĭo:!

mælvo:lĭo:.] swi:t læ:di, ho:, ho:.

olivĭæ.] smijlst đuw?
ij sent for đi: upon æ sæd okæ:zĭon.

mælvo:lĭo:.] sæd, læ:di! ij ku:ld bi sæd: đis duz mæ:k ˌsum obstruksĭon in đe blud, đis kros-gærterin; but hwæt ov đæt? if it ple:z đe ij ov o:n, it iz wiđ mi: æz đe veri triu sonet iz, "ple:z o:n, ænd ple:z a:l."

olivĭæ.] hwij, huw dust đuw, mæn? hwæt iz đe mæter wiđ đi:?

mælvo:lĭo:.] not blæk in mij mijnd, đou jelo: in mij legz. it did kum to hiz hændz, ænd komændz ʃæl bi eksekiuted: ij θiŋk wi du kno: đe swi:t ro:mæn hænd.

olivĭæ.] wilt đuw go: tu bed, mælvo:lĭo:?

mælvo:lĭo:.] tu bed? ij, swi:t-hært, ænd ijl kum tu đi:.

olivĭæ.] god kumfort đi:! hwij dust đuw smijl so: ænd kis đij hænd so oft?

mærijæ.] huw du: iu, mælvo:lĭo:?

mælvo:lĭo:.] æt iur rekwest! jes; nijtiŋgæ:lz ænswer da:z.

mærijæ.] hwij æpe:r iu wiđ đis ridikiulus bouldnes bifo:r mij læ:di?

mælvo:lĭo:.] "bi: not æfræid ov gre:tnes:" twæz wel writ.

Ol. What meanſt thou by that *Maluolio?*

Mal. Some are borne great.

Ol. Ha?

Mal. Some atcheeue greatneſſe.

Ol. What ſayſt thou?

Mal. And ſome haue greatneſſe thruſt vpon them.

Ol. Heauen reſtore thee.

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings.

Ol. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſſe garter'd.

Ol. Croſſe garter'd?

Mal. Go too, thou art made, if thou deſir'ſt to be ſo.

Ol. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let[1] me ſee thee a ſeruant ſtill.

Ol. Why this is verie Midſommer madneſſe.

FROM THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Her. TAKE the Boy to you: he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

Lady. Come (my gracious Lord)
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, Ile none of you.

Lady. Why (my ſweet Lord?)

Mam. You'le kiſſe me hard, and ſpeake to me, as if I were a Baby ſtill. I loue you better.

[1] ler.

olivĭæ.] hwæt me:nst ðuw bij ðæt, mælvo:lĭo:?
mælvo:lĭo:.] "sum ær born gre:t,"—
olivĭæ.] hæ?
mælvo:lĭo:.] "sum ætʃi(:)v gre:tnes,"—
olivĭæ.] hwæt sæist ðuw?
mælvo:lĭo:.] "ænd sum hæv gre:tnes θrust upon ðem."
olivĭæ.] he(:)vn resto:r ði:!
mælvo:lĭo:.] "remember hwu: komended ðij jelo: stokiŋz,"—
olivĭæ.] ðij jelo: stokiŋz!
mælvo:lĭo:.] "ænd wiʃt tu si: ði kros-gærterd."
olivĭæ.] kros-gærterd!
mælvo:lĭo:.] "go: tu:, ðuw ært mæ:d, if ðuw dezijrst tu bi: so:;"—
olivĭæ.] æm ij mæ:d?
mælvo:lĭo:.] "if not, let mi si: ði æ servænt stil."
olivĭæ.] hwij, ðis iz veri midsumer mædnes.

From The Winter's Tale.

Act II. Scene i.

hermijone:.] tæ:k ðe boi tu: iu: hi: so trub,lz mi:, tiz pæst indiuriŋ.
læ:di.] kum, mij græ:sĭus lord, ʃæl ij bi iur plæi-felo:?
mæmilĭus.] no:, ijl no:n ov iu.
læ:di.] hwij, mij swi:t lord?
mæmilĭus.] iul kis mi hærd ænd spe:k tu mi æz if ij wer æ bæ:bi stil. ij luv iu beter.

2. *Lady.* And why ſo (my Lord?)

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your Browes are blacker (yet black-browes they ſay
Become ſome Women beſt, ſo that there be not
Too much haire there, but in a Cemicircle,
Or a halfe-Moone, made with a Pen.)

2. *Lady.* Who taught 'this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of Womens faces: pray now,
What colour are your eye-browes?

Lady. Blew (my Lord.)

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I haue ſeene a Ladies Noſe
That ha's beene blew, but not her eye-browes.

. . . . . .

Her. . . . . . Come Sir, now
I am for you againe: 'Pray you ſit by vs,
And tell's a Tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhal't be?

Her. As merry as you will.

Mam. A ſad Tale's beſt for Winter: I haue one
Of Sprights, and Goblins.[1]

Her. Let's haue that (good Sir.)
Come-on, ſit downe, come-on, and doe your beſt,
To fright me with your Sprights: you're powrefull at it.

Mam. There was a man.

Her. Nay, come ſit downe: then on.

[1] *L.* 25 *ends with* Winter, *l.* 26 *with* Goblins.

sekond læ:di.] ænd hwij so:, mij lord?

mæmilĭus.] not for bika:z
iur bruwz ær blæker; jit blæk bruwz, đæi sæi,
bikum sum wimen best, so đæt đer bi: not
tu: mutʃ hæir đe:r, but in æ semisirk,l,
or æ ha:f-mu:n mæ:d wiđ æ pen.

sekond læ:di.] hwu: ta:t đis?

mæmilĭus.] ij lernd it uwt ov wimenz fæ:sez.
præi nuw
hwæt kulor ær iur ij-bruwz?

læ:di.] bliu, mij lord.

mæmilĭus.] næi, đæts æ mok: ijv si:n æ læ:diz
no:z
đæt hæz bi:n bliu, but not her ij-bruwz.

. . . . . .

hermijone:.] . . . . . kum, sir, nuw
ij æm for iu ægæin: præi iu, sit bij us,
ænd tels æ tæ:l.

mæmilĭus.] meri or sæd ʃælt bi:?

hermijone:.] æz meri æz iu wil.

mæmilĭus.] æ sæd tæ:lz best for winter: ij hæ:v o:n
ov sprijts ænd goblinz.

hermijone:.] lets hæ:v đæt, gud sir.
kum on, sit duwn: kum on, ænd du: iur best
tu frijt mi wiđ iur sprijts; iur puwrful æt it.

mæmilĭus.] đer wæz æ mæn—

hermijone:.] næi, kum, sit duwn; đen on.

Mam. Dwelt by a Church-yard: I will tell it ſoftly,
Yond Crickets ſhall not heare it.
Her. Come on then,
And giu't me in mine eare.[1]

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Song.

IOG-ON, Iog-on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the Stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tyres in a Mile-a.

FROM KING JOHN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

A FOOT of Honor better then I was,
But many a many foot of Land the worſe.
Well, now can I make any *Ioane* a Lady,
Good den Sir *Richard,* Godamercy fellow,
And if his name be *George,* Ile call him *Peter;*
For new made honor doth forget mens names:
'Tis too reſpectiue, and too ſociable
For your conuerſion, now your traueller,
Hee and his tooth-picke at my worſhips meſſe,
And when my knightly ſtomacke is ſuffis'd,
Why then I ſucke my teeth, and catechize
My picked man of Countries: my deare ſir,

[1] Come . . . eare *printed as one line.*

mæmilĭus.] dwelt bij æ tʃurtʃjærd: ij wil tel it softli;
jond krikets ʃæl not he:r it.
hermijone:.] kum on, đen,
ænd givt mi in mijn e:r.

* * *

Act IV. Scene iii.

[soŋ.]

dʒoɡ on, dʒoɡ on, đe fu:t-pæθ wæi,
ænd merili hent đe stijl-æ:
æ meri hært ɡo:z a:l đe dæi,
iur sæd tijrz in æ mijl-æ.

From King John.

Act I. Scene i.

æ fu:t ov onor beter đen ij wæz;
but mænĭ æ mæni fu:t ov lænd đe wurs.
wel, nuw kæn ij mæ:k æni dʒo:n æ læ:di.
"ɡud den, sir ritʃærd:"—"ɡod-æ-mersi, felo:!"—
ænd if hiz næ:m bi dʒordʒ, ijl ka:l him pe:ter;
for niu-mæ:d onor duθ forget menz næ:mz;
tiz tu: respektiv ænd tu: so:sĭæb,l[1]
for iur konversĭon. nuw iur træveler,
hi: ænd hiz tu:θpik æt mij wurʃips mes,
ænd hwen mij knijtli stumæk iz sufijzd,
hwij đen ij suk mij ti:θ ænd kætekijz
mij piked mæn ov kuntriz: "mij de:r sir,"

[1] *Or* so:siæbl.

Thus leaning on mine elbow I begin,
I ſhall beſeech you; that is queſtion now,
And then comes anſwer like an Abſey booke:
O ſir, ſayes anſwer, at your beſt command,
At your employment, at your ſeruice ſir:
No ſir, ſaies queſtion, I ſweet ſir at yours,
And ſo ere anſwer knowes what queſtion would,
Sauing in Dialogue of Complement,
And talking of the Alpes and Appenines,
The Perennean and the riuer *Poe,*
It drawes toward ſupper in concluſion ſo.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE VII.

THIS England neuer did, nor neuer ſhall
Lye at the proud foote of a Conqueror,
But when it firſt did helpe to wound it ſelfe.
Now, theſe her Princes are come home againe,
Come the three corners of the world in Armes,
And we ſhall ſhocke them: Naught ſhall make vs rue,
If England to it ſelfe, do reſt but true.

FROM KING RICHARD II.

ACT II. SCENE I.

THIS royall Throne of Kings, this ſceptred Iſle,
This earth of Maieſty, this ſeate of Mars,
This other Eden, demy paradiſe,
This Fortreſſe built by Nature for her ſelfe,
Againſt infection, and the hand of warre:

ðus, le:niŋ on mijn elbo:, ij bigin,
"ij ʃæl bisi:tʃ iu"—ðæt iz kwestĭon nuw;
ænd ðen kumz ænswer lijk æn æbsi bu:k:
"o: sir," sæiz ænswer, "æt iur best komænd;
æt iur emploiment; æt iur servis, sir:"
"no:, sir," sæiz kwestĭon, "ij, swi:t sir, æt iurz:"
ænd so:, e:r ænswer knouz hwæt kwestĭon wu:ld,
sæ:viŋ in dijælog ov kompliment,
ænd ta:kiŋ ov ðe ælps ænd æpenijnz,
ðe pirene:æn ænd ðe river po:,
it dra:z to:rd super in konkliuzĭon so:.

* * *

Act V. Scene vii.

ðis iŋlænd never did, nor never ʃæl,
lij æt ðe pruwd fu:t ov æ koŋkeror,
but hwen it first did help tu wuwnd itself.
nuw ðe:z her prinsez ær kum ho:m ægæin,
kum ðe θri: kornerz ov ðe world in ærmz,
ænd wi: ʃæl ʃok ðem. na:t ʃæl mæ:k us riu,
if iŋlænd tu itself du rest but triu.

From King Richard II.

Act II. Scene i.

ðis roiæl θro:n ov kiŋz, ðis septred ijl,
ðis e(:)rθ ov mædʒesti, ðis se:t ov mærz,
ðis uðer e:d,n, demi-pærædijs,
ðis fortres bilt bij næ:tiur for herself
ægæinst[1] infeksĭon ænd ðe hænd ov wær,

[1] *Or* ægenst.

This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious ſtone, ſet in the ſiluer ſea,
Which ſerues it in the office of a wall,
Or as a Moate defenſiue to a houſe,
Againſt the enuy of leſſe happier Lands,
This bleſſed plot, this earth, this Realme, this England,
. . . . . .
This Land of ſuch deere ſoules, this deere-deere Land,
Deere for her reputation through the world,
Is now Leas'd out (I dye pronouncing it)
Like to a Tenement or pelting Farme.
England bound in with the triumphant ſea,
Whoſe rocky ſhore beates backe the enuious ſiedge
Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with ſhame,
With Inky blottes, and rotten Parchment bonds.
That England, that was wont to conquer others,
Hath made a ſhamefull conqueſt of it ſelfe.
Ah! would the ſcandall vaniſh with my life,
How happy then were my enſuing death?

From the First Part of King Henry IV.

Act II. Scene iv.

Prince. What's the matter?

Falſt. What's the matter? here be foure of vs, haue ta'ne a thouſand pound this Morning.

Prince. Where is it, *Iack?* where is it?

Falſt. Where is it? taken from vs, it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prince. What, a hundred, man?

ðis hæpi bri:d ov men, ðis lit,l world,
ðis presĭus sto:n set in ðe silver se:,
hwitʃ servz it in ðe ofis ov æ wa:l
or æz æ mo:t defensiv tu æ huws,
ægæinst ðe envi ov les hæpĭer lændz,
ðis blesed plot, ðis e(:)rθ, ðis ri:lm, ðis iŋlænd,
. . . . . .
ðis lænd ov sutʃ de:r soulz, ðis de:r de:r lænd,
de:r for her repiutæ:sĭon θru: ðe world,
iz nuw le:st uwt, ij dij pronuwnsiŋ it,
lijk tu æ tenement or peltiŋ færm:
iŋlænd, buwnd in wiđ ðe trijumfænt se:,
hwu:z roki ʃo:r be:ts bæk ðe envĭus si:dʒ
ov wæt(e)ri neptiun, (i)z nuw buwnd in wiđ ʃæ:m,
wiđ iŋki blots ænd rot,n pærtʃment bondz:
dæt iŋlænd, dæt wæz wunt tu koŋker uđerz,
hæθ mæ:d æ ʃæ:mful konkwest ov itself.
æh, wu:ld ðe skændæl væniʃ wiđ mij lijf,
huw hæpi ðen wer mij insiuiŋ de(:)θ!

From the First Part of King Henry IV.

Act II. Scene iv.

prins.] hwæts ðe mæter?

fa:lstæf.] hwæts ðe mæter! he:r bi four ov us hæv tæ:n æ θuwzænd puwnd ðis morniŋ.

prins.] hwe:r iz it, dʒæk? hwe:r iz it?

fa:lstæf.] hwe:r iz it! tæ:k,n from us it iz: æ hundred upon pu:r four ov us.

prins.] hwæt, æ hundred, mæn?

Falst. I am a Rogue, if I were not at halfe Sword with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the Doublet, foure through the Hoſe, my Buckler cut through and through, my Sword hackt like a Hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum.* I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not doe. A plague of all Cowards: let them ſpeake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines, and the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Prince. Speake ſirs, how was it?

Gad. We foure ſet upon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Gad. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Falſt. You Rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, an Ebrew Iew.

Gad. As we were ſharing, ſome ſixe or ſeuen freſh men ſet vpon vs.

Falſt. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prince. What, fought yee with them all?

Falſt. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fiftie of them, I am a bunch of Radiſh: if there were not two or three and fiftie vpon poore olde *Iack,* then am I no two-legg'd Creature.

Prin.[1] Pray Heauen, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Falſt. Nay, that's paſt praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am ſure I haue payed,

[1] *Poin.*

fa:lstæf.] ij æm æ ro:g, if ij wer not æt ha:f-sword[1] wiđ æ duz,n ov đem tu: uwrz tugeđer. ij hæv skæ:pt bij miræk,l. ij æm æit tijmz θrust θru: đe dublet, four θru: đe ho:z; mij bukler kut θru: ænd θru:; mij swo(:)rd[1] hækt lijk æ hænd-sa:—ekse signum! ij never delt beter sins ij wæz æ mæn: a:l wu:ld not du:. æ plæ:g ov a:l kuwærdz! let đem spe:k: if đæi spe:k mo:r or les đen triuθ, đæi ær vilæinz ænd đe sunz ov dærknes.

prins.] spe:k, sirz; huw wæz it?

gædzhil.] wi: four set upon sum duz,n—

fa:lstæf.] siksti:n æt le:st mij lord.

gædzhil.] ænd buwnd đem.

pe:to:.] no:, no:, đæi wer not buwnd.

fa:lstæf.] iu ro:g, đæi we:r buwnd, ev(e)ri mæn ov đem; or ij æm æ dʒiu els, æn e:briu dʒiu.

gædzhil.] æz wi wer ʃæ:riŋ, sum siks or seven freʃ men set upon us—

fa:lstæf.] ænd unbuwnd đe rest, ænd đen kum in đe uđer.

prins.] hwæt, fout ji wiđ đem a:l?

fa:lstæf.] a:l! ij kno: not hwæt ji ka:l a:l; but if ij fout not wiđ fifti ov đem, ij æm æ buntʃ ov rædiʃ: if đer wer not tu: or θri: ænd fifti upon pu:r ould dʒæk, đen æm ij no tu:-legd kre:tiur.

prins.] præi he(:)vn iu hæv not murđer(e)d sum ov đem.

fa:lstæf.] næi, đæts pæst præiŋ for: ij hæv peperd tu: ov đem; tu: ij æm siur ij hæv pæid,

[1] *Or* swu(:)rd.

two Rogues in Buckrom Sutes. I tell thee what, *Hal,* if I tell thee a Lye, ſpit in my face, call me Horſe: thou knoweſt my olde ward:[1] here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure Rogues in Buckrom let driue at me.

Prince. What, foure? thou ſayd'ſt but two, euen now.

Falſt. Foure *Hal,* I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I, he ſaid foure.

Falſt. Theſe foure came all a-front, and mainely thruſt at me; I made no more adoe, but tooke all their ſeuen points in my Targuet, thus.

Prince. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Falſt. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom Sutes.

Falſt. Seuen, by theſe Hilts, or I am a Villaine elſe.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, whe ſhall haue more anon.

Falſt. Doeſt thou heare me, *Hal?*

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Iack.*

Falſt. Doe ſo, for it is worth the liſtning too: theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more alreadie.

Falſt. Their Points being broken.

Poin. Downe fell his Hoſe.

Falſt. Began to giue me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foot and hand; and with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I pay'd.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen Buckrom men growne out of two?

[1] word.

tu: ro:gz in bukrom siuts. ij tel ði hwæt, hæl, if ij tel ði æ lij, spit in mij fæ:s, ka:l mi hors. ðuw knouest mij ould wærd: he:r ij læi, ænd ðus ij bo:r mij point. four ro:gz in bukrom let drijv æt mi:—

prins.] hwæt, four? ðuw sæidst but tu: i:v,n nuw.

fa:lstæf.] four, hæl; ij tould ði four.

poinz.] ij, ij, hi sæid four.

fa:lstæf.] ðe:z four kæ:m a:l æ-frunt, ænd mæinli θrust æt mi:. ij mæ:d no mo:r ædu: but tu:k a:l ðæir sev,n points in mij tærget, ðus.

prins.] sev,n? hwij, ðer wer but four i:v,n nuw.

fa:lstæf.] in bukrom?

poinz.] ij, four, in bukrom siuts.

fa:lstæf.] sev,n, bij ðe:z hilts, or ij æm æ vilæin els.

prins.] priði:, let him æło:n; wi ʃæl hæ:v mo:r ænon.

fa:lstæf.] dust ðuw he:r mi, hæl?

prins.] ij, ænd mærk ði tu:, dʒæk.

fa:lstæf.] du: so, for it iz wurθ ðe listniŋ tu:. ðe:z nijn in bukrom ðæt ij tould ði ov—

prins.] so:, tu: mo:r a:lre(:)di.

fa:lstæf.] ðæir points bi:iŋ bro:k,n—

poinz.] duwn fel (h)iz ho:z.

fa:lstæf.] bigæn tu giv mi gruwnd: but ij foloud mi klo:s, kæ:m in fu:t ænd hænd; ænd wið æ θout sev,n ov ðe elev,n ij pæid.

prins.] o: monstrus! elev,n bukrom men groun uwt ov tu:!

Falſt. But as the Deuill would haue it, three miſ-begotten Knaues, in Kendall Greene, came at my Back, and let driue at me; for it was ſo darke, *Hal,* that thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand.

. . . . . .

Prin. Why, how could'ſt thou know theſe men in Kendall Greene, when it was ſo darke, thou could'ſt not ſee thy Hand? Come, tell vs your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reaſon *Iack,* your reaſon.

Falſt. What, vpon compulſion? No: were I at the Strappado, or all the Racks in the World, I would not tell you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſion? If Reaſons were as plentie as Black-berries, I would giue no man a Reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

* * *

Act V. Scene iv.

FARE thee well[1] great heart:
Ill-weau'd Ambition, how much art thou ſhrunke?
When that this bodie did containe a ſpirit,
A Kingdome for it was too ſmall a bound:
But now two paces of the vileſt Earth
Is roome enough. This Earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue ſo ſtout a Gentleman.
If thou wer't ſenſible of curteſie,
I ſhould not make ſo great a ſhew of Zeale.
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, Ile thanke my ſelfe
For doing theſe fayre Rites of Tenderneſſe.

[1] Farewell *F,* Fare thee well *Q.*

fa:lstæf.] but, æz đe di:v,l wu:ld hæ:v it, θri: misbigot,n knæ:vz in kendæl gri:n kæ:m æt mij bæk ænd let drijv æt mi; for it wæz so dærk, hæl, đæt đuw ku:ldst not si: đij hænd.

. . . . . .

prins.] hwij, huw ku:ldst đuw kno: đe:z men in kendæl gri:n, hwen it wæz so dærk đuw ku:ldst not si: đij hænd? kum, tel us iur re:z,n: hwæt sæist đuw tu đis?

poinz.] kum, iur re:z,n, dʒæk, iur re:z,n.

fa:lstæf.] hwæt, upon kompulsĭon? no:: we:r ij æt đe stræpæ:do, or a:l đe ræks in đe world, ij wu:ld not tel iu on kompulsĭon. giv iu æ re:z,n on kompulsĭon! if re:z,nz wer æz plenti æz blækberiz, ij wu:ld giv no: mæn æ re:z,n upon kompulsĭon, ij.

* * *

Act V. Scene iv.

fæ:r đi wel, gre:t hært!
il-we:vd æmbisĭon, huw mutʃ ært đuw ʃruŋk!
hwen đæt đis bodi did kontæin æ spirit,
æ kiŋdum for it wæz tu: sma:l æ buwnd;
but nuw tu: pæ:sez ov đe vijlest e(:)rθ
iz ru:m inuf: đis e(:)rθ đæt be:rz đe ded
be:rz not ælijv so stuwt æ dʒent,lmæn.
if đuw wert sensib,l ov kurtesi
ij ʃu:ld not mæ:k so gre:t æ ʃo: ov ze:l:
but, let mij fæ:vorz hijd đij mæŋgled fæ:s;
ænd, i:vn in đij biha:f, ijl θæŋk mijself
for du:iŋ đe:z fæir rijts ov tendernes.

Adieu, and take thy praiſe with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy ſleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

From the Second Part of King Henry IV.

Act III. Scene i.

How many thouſand of my pooreſt Subiects
Are at this howre aſleepe? O Sleepe, O gentle Sleepe,
Natures ſoft Nurſe, how haue I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eye-lids downe,
And ſteepe my Sences in Forgetfulneſſe?
Why rather (Sleepe) lyeſt thou in ſmoakie Cribs,
Vpon vneaſie Pallads ſtretching thee,
And huiſht with buſſing Night-flyes[1] to thy ſlumber,
Then in the perfum'd Chambers of the Great?
Vnder the Canopies of coſtly State,
And lull'd with ſounds of ſweeteſt Melodie?
O thou dull God, why lyeſt thou with the vilde,
In loathſome Beds, and leau'ſt the Kingly Couch,
A Watch-caſe, or a common Larum-Bell?
Wilt thou, vpon the high and giddie Maſt,
Seale vp the Ship-boyes Eyes, and rock his Braines,
In Cradle of the rude imperious Surge,
And in the viſitation of the Windes,
Who take the Ruffian Billowes by the top,
Curling their monſtrous heads, and hanging them
With deaff'ning Clamors in the ſlipp'ry Clouds,
That with the hurley, Death it ſelfe awakes?

[1] Night, flyes.

ædiu, ænd tæ:k ðij præiz wið ði tu he(:)v,n!
ðij ignomi sli:p wið ði in ðe græ:v,
but not remembred in ðij epitæf!

From the Second Part of King Henry IV.

Act III. Scene i.

huw mæni θuwzænd ov mij pu:rest subdʒekts
ær æt ðis uwr æsli:p! o: sli:p, o: dʒent,l sli:p,
næ:tiurz soft nurs, huw hæv ij frijted ði:,
dæt ðuw no mo:r wilt wæi mij ijlidz duwn
ænd sti:p mij sensez in forgetfulnes?
hwij ræðer, sli:p, lijst ðuw in smo:ki kribz,
upon une:zi pælædz stretʃiŋ ði:
ænd hwiʃt[1] wið buziŋ nijt-flijz tu ðij slumber,
ðen in ðe perfiumd tʃæmberz ov ðe gre:t,
under ðe kænopiz ov kostli stæ:t,
ænd luld wið suwndz ov swi:test melodi?
o: ðuw dul god, hwij lijst ðuw wið ðe vijld
in lo:θsum bedz, ænd le:vst ðe kiŋli kuwtʃ
æ wætʃ-kæ:s or æ komon lærum-bel?
wilt ðuw upon ðe hij ænd gidi mæst
se:l up ðe ʃip-boiz ijz, ænd rok hiz bræinz
in kræ:d,l ov ðe riud impe:rĭus surdʒ
ænd in ðe vizitæ:sĭon ov ðe wijndz,
hwu: tæ:k ðe rufĭæn bilouz bij ðe top,
kurliŋ ðæir monstrus hedz ænd hæŋgiŋ ðem
wið defniŋ klæmorz in ðe slipri kluwdz,
ðæt, wið ðe hurli, de(:)θ itself æwæ:ks?

[1] *Or* huʃt.

Canſt thou (O partiall Sleepe) giue thy Repoſe
To the wet Sea-Boy, in an houre ſo rude:
And in the calmeſt, and moſt ſtilleſt Night,
With all appliances, and meanes to boote,
Deny it to a King? Then happy Lowe, lye downe,
Vneaſie lyes the Head, that weares a Crowne.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

WILL Fortune neuer come with both hands full,
But write her faire words ſtill in fouleſt Letters?
Shee eyther gives a Stomack, and no Foode,
(Such are the poore, in health) or elſe a Feaſt,
And takes away the Stomack (ſuch are the Rich,
That haue aboundance, and enioy it not.)

FROM KING HENRY V.

ACT III. SCENE IV.[1]

Kath. Alice, tu as eſté[2] en Angleterre, et tu bien parlas le Languag*e*.

Alice. Un[3] peu Madame.

Kath. Ie te prie, m'enſigniez, il faut que ie apprenne[4] a parler:[5] Coment[6] appellez[7] vous la[8] main en Anglois?

Alice. La[9] main, elle[10] eſt[11] appellee[7] de Hand.

[1] *In order to serve as a basis for a "received" pronunciation, the text has been altered also in places where the F readings may be original* (*cf.* le *for* la *and* les, apprend *for* apprenne, *&c.*). *The Q texts differ so much that they have been disregarded. A few commas, &c. have been omitted or supplied.* [2] eſte. [3] En. [4] apprend. [5] parlen. [6] Comient. [7] appelle. [8] le. [9] Le. [10] il. [11] &.

kænst ðuw, o: pærsĭæl sli:p, giv ðij repo:z
tu ðe wet se:boi in æn uwr so riud,
ænd in ðe ka:mest ænd mo:st stilest nijt,
wiɗ a:l æplijænsez ænd me:nz tu bu:t,
denij it tu æ kiŋ? ðen hæpi lo:, lij duwn!
une:zi lijz ðe hed ðæt we:rz æ kruwn.

* * *

Act IV. Scene iv.

wil fortiun never kum wiɗ bo:θ hændz ful,
but wrijt her fæir wordz stil in fuwlest leterz?
ʃi e:ðer givz æ stumæk ænd no fu:d;
sutʃ ær ðe pu:r, in helθ; or els æ fe:st
ænd tæ:ks æwæi ðe stumæk; sutʃ ær ðe ritʃ,
ðæt hæv æbundæns ænd indʒoi it not.

From King Henry V.

Act III. Scene iv.[1]

kæθerin.] alisə, ty a(z) ete ã:n ã:glətɛr:ə, e ty bjĭ: parla lə lãga:ʒə.

ælis.] ỹ: pɵ, madamə.

kæθerin.] ʒə tə pri:ə mã:seɲe:; il fo: kə ʒaprɛn a parle:. kũ:mã:(t) apəle:-vu: la mĕĭ: ã:n ã:glŏɛ:?

ælis.] la mĕĭ:? ɛl ɛ:t apəle: "de hænd."[2]

[1] *In our F. transcription, which can be only tentative,* e, o, *and* ɛ, ɔ, *stand for the close and open sounds respectively, whilst no distinction between different shades of "a"* (a) *and "eu"* (ɵ) *sounds has been attempted.* i *and* y (= *"u"*) *are always close.* ə *is the indistinct "e féminin;"* ɥ, *non-syllabic* y. *Nasal vowels are denoted by* ĩ, *&c. Vowel-length is more or less doubtful. The only new consonant is* ɲ, *i. e. the palatal nasal sound = "gn."* [2] *Or, after the F. manner,* də hã:(n)d.

Kath. De Hand. E les[1] doyts?[2]

Alice.[3] Les[4] doyts, ma foy Ie oublie, les doyts,[5] mays ie me ſouien(d)ray,[6] les[1] doyts, ie penſe qu'ils sont[7] appellés[8] de fingres, oui,[9] de fingres.

Kath.[10] La[4] main de Hand, les[1] doyts de[1] Fingres, ie penſe que ie ſuis le bon eſcholier. I'ay gaynié[11] deux[12] mots d'Anglois viſtement, coment appellez[8] vous les[1] ongles?

Alice. Les[4] ongles, nous[13] les appellons deNayles.

Kath. De Nayles, eſcoute: dites moy, ſi ie parle bien: de Hand, de Fingres, e de Nayles.

Alice. C'eſt bien dict Madame, il eſt[14] fort bon Anglois.

Kath. Dites moy l'Anglois pour le bras.

Alice. De Arme, Madame.

Kath. E le[15] coude?[16]

Alice. D'Elbow.

Kath. D'Elbow: Ie m'en[17] fay la[1] repetition[18] de touts les mots que vous m'avés[19] apprins des a preſent.

Alice. Il est[14] trop difficile Madame, comme Ie penſe.

Kath. Excuſe moy Alice, eſcoute, d'Hand, de Fingres,[20] de Nayles, d'Arma, de Bilbow.

Alice. D'Elbow, Madame.

Kath. O Seigneur Dieu, ie m'en[17] oublie, d'Elbow, coment appellez[8] vous le col?

[1] le. [2] E le doyts *given to Alice.* [3] Kat. [4] Le. [5] e doyt. [6] ſouemeray. [7] ont. [8] appelle. [9] on. [10] Alice. *Only the second sentence given to Kath.* [11] gaynie. [12] diux. [13] nous *om.* [14] &. [15] de. [16] coudee. [17] men. [18] repiticio. [19] maves. [20] Fingre.

kæθerin.] "de hænd." e lɛ: dŏɛ:?

ælis.] lɛ: dŏɛ:? ma fŏɛ, ʒubli:ə lɛ: dŏɛ:; mɛ: ʒə mə suvjĩ:(d)re. lɛ: dŏɛ:? ʒə pã:sə kil sũ:t apəle: "de fiŋgerz;" wi, "de fiŋgerz."[1]

kæθerin.] la mĕĭ:, "de hænd;" lɛ: dŏɛ:, "de fiŋgerz;" ʒə pã:sə kə ʒə sɥi lə bũ:n ekɔlje:; ʒe gaɲe dø: mo: dã:glŏɛ: vitəmã:. kũ:mã:(t) apəle:-vu: lɛz ũ:glə?

ælis.] lɛz ũ:glə? nu: lɛz apəlũ: "de næilz."[2]

kæθerin.] "de næilz." eku:tə; ditə-mŏɛ si ʒe parlə bjĩ:: "de hænd," "de fiŋgerz," e "de næilz."

ælis.] sɛ: bjĩ: di, madamə; il ɛ: fɔ:r bũ:n ã:glŏɛ:.

kæθerin.] ditə-mŏɛ lã:glŏɛ: pu:r lə bra:.

ælis.] "de ærm,"[3] madamə.

kæθerin.] e lə ku:də?

ælis.] "delbo:."[4]

kæθerin.] "delbo:." ʒə mã: fɛ: la repetisjũ: də tu: lɛ: mo: kə vu: mave:(z) aprĩ:[5] dɛ:z a prezã:.

ælis.] il ɛ: trɔ(p) difisilə, madamə, kũ:mə ʒə pã:sə.

kæθerin.] ɛksky:zə-mŏɛ, alisə; eku:tə: "dænd," "de fiŋgerz," "de næilz," "dærmæ,"[6] "de bilbo:."

ælis.] "delbo:," madamə.

kæθerin.] o: seɲø:r djø, ʒə mã:n ubli:ə! "delbo:." kũ:mã:(t) apəle:-vu: lə kɔl?[7]

[1] *Or* fĩ:(ŋ)grəz (cf. p. 107, note 2). [2] nɛ:lz (cf. ib.). [3] arm. [4] dɛlbo. [5] apri: *(if we read "appris").* [6] darmə. [7] ku:.

Alice. De Neck,[1] Madame.
Kath. De Nick, e le menton?
Alice. De Chin.
Kath. De Sin: le col de Nick, le menton de Sin.
Alice. Ouy. Sauf voſtre honneur en verité[2] vous pronounciés[3] les mots auſi droict, que les[4] Natifs d'Angleterre.

FROM KING RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

NOW is the Winter of our Diſcontent,
Made glorious Summer by this Son of Yorke:
And all the clouds that lowr'd vpon our houſe
In the deepe boſome of the Ocean buried.
Now are our browes bound with Victorious Wreathes,
Our bruiſed armes hung vp for Monuments;
Our ſterne Alarums chang'd to merry Meetings;
Our dreadfull Marches, to delightfull Meaſures.
Grim-viſag'd Warre, hath ſmooth'd his wrinkled Front:
And now, in ſtead of mounting Barbed Steeds,
To fright the Soules of fearfull Aduerſaries,
He capers nimbly in a Ladies Chamber,
To the laſciuious pleaſing of a Lute.
But I, that am not ſhap'd for ſportiue trickes,
Nor made to court an amorous Looking-glaſſe:
I, that am Rudely ſtampt, and want loues Maiesty,

[1] Nick. [2] verite. [3] pronouncies. [4] le.

ælis.] "de nek," madamə.
kæθerin.] "de nik." e lə mɑ̃:tũ:?
ælis.] "de tʃin."
kæθerin.] "de sin." lə kɔl, "de nik;" lə mɑ̃:tũ:, "de sin."
ælis.] wi. so:f vɔtr ũ:nə:r, ɑ̃: verite, vu: prɔnũ:sje: lɛ: mo:(z) o:si drõɛ kə lɛ: natif dɑ̃:glətɛr:ə.

From King Richard III.

Act I. Scene i.

nuw iz đe winter ov uwr diskontent
mæ:d glo:rĭus sumer bij đis sun ov jork;
ænd a:l đe kluwdz đæt luwrd upon uwr huws
in đe di:p bu:zom ov đe o:sĭæn berid.
nuw ær uwr bruwz buwnd wiđ vikto:rĭus wre:dz;
uwr briuzed ærmz huŋ up for moniuments;
uwr stern ælærumz tʃændʒd tu meri mi:tiŋz
uwr dredful mærtʃez tu delijtful me(:)ziurz.
grim-vizædʒd wær hæθ smu:đd hiz wrinkled frunt;

ænd nuw, insted ov muwntiŋ bærbed sti:dz
tu frijt đe soulz ov fe:rful ædversæriz,
hi kæ:perz nimbli in æ læ:diz tʃæmber
tu đe læsivĭus ple:ziŋ ov æ liut.
but ij, đæt æm not ʃæ:pt for sportiv triks,
nor mæ:d tu ku:rt æn æm(o)rus lu:kiŋ-glæs;
ij, đæt æm riudli stæmpt, ænd wænt luvz mædʒ(e)sti

To ſtrut before a wanton[1] ambling Nymph:
I, that am curtail'd of this faire Proportion,
Cheated of Feature by diſſembling Nature,
Deform'd, vn-finiſh'd, ſent before my time
Into this breathing World, ſcarſe halfe made vp,
And that ſo lamely and vnfaſhionable;
That dogges barke at me, as I halt by them:
Why I (in this weake piping time of Peace)
Haue no delight to paſſe away the time,
Vnleſſe to ſee my Shadow in the Sunne,
And deſcant on mine owne Deformity.
And therefore, ſince I cannot proue a Louer,
To entertaine theſe faire well ſpoken dayes,
I am determined to proue a Villaine,
And hate the idle pleaſures of theſe dayes.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE III.

THE tyrannous and bloodie Act is done,
The moſt arch deed of pittious maſſacre
That euer yet this Land was guilty of:
Dighton and *Forreſt,* who I did ſuborne
To do this peece of ruthfull Butchery,
Albeit they were fleſht Villaines, bloody Dogges,
Melted with tenderneſſe, and milde compaſſion,
Wept like to Children, in their deaths ſad Story.
O thus (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle Babes:
Thus, thus (quoth *Forreſt*) girdling one another
Within their Alablaſter innocent Armes:
Their lips were foure red Roſes on a ſtalke,
And in their Summer Beauty kiſt each other.

[1] wonton.

tu strut befo:r æ wænton æmbliŋ nimf;
ij, ðæt æm kurtæild ov ðis fæir proporsĭon,
tʃe:ted ov fe:tiur bij disembliŋ næ:tiur,
deformd, unfiniʃt, sent befo:r mij tijm
intu ðis bre:diŋ world, skærs ha:f mæ:d up,
ænd ðæt so: læ:mli ænd unfæʃĭonæb,l
ðæt dogz bærk æt mi: æz ij ha:lt bij ðem;
hwij, ij, in ðis we:k pijpiŋ tijm ov pe:s,
hæv no: delijt tu pæs æwæi ðe tijm,
unles tu si: mij ʃædo: in ðe sun
ænd deskænt on mijn oun deformiti:
ænd ðe:rfo:r, sins ij kænot pru:v æ luver,
tu entertæin ðe:z fæir wel-spo:k,n dæiz,
ij æm determined tu pru:v æ vilæin
ænd hæ:t ðe ijd,l ple(:)ziurz ov ðe:z dæiz.

* * *

Act IV. Scene iii.

ðe tirænus ænd bludi ækt iz dun,
ðe mo:st ærtʃ di:d ov pitĭus mæsæker
ðæt ever jit ðis lænd wæz gilti ov.
dijton ænd forest, hwu: ij did suborn
tu du: ðis pi:s ov riuθful butʃeri,
a:lbi:(i)t ðæi wer fleʃt vilæinz, bludi dogz,
melted wid tendernes ænd kijnd kompæsĭon
wept lijk tu: tʃildren in ðæir de(:)θs sæd sto:ri.
"o: ðus," kwoθ dijton, "læi ðe dʒent,l bæ:bz:"
"ðus, ðus," kwoθ forest, "girdliŋ o:n ænuðer
widin ðæir ælæblæster inosent ærmz:
ðæir lips wer four red ro:zez on æ sta:k,
ænd in ðæir sumer beuti kist e:tʃ uðer.

A Booke of Prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once[1] (quoth *Forrest*) almoſt chang'd my minde:
But oh the Diuell, there the Villaine ſtopt:
When *Dighton* thus told on, we ſmothered
The moſt repleniſhed ſweet worke of Nature,
That from the prime Creation ere ſhe framed.
Hence both are gone with Conſcience and Remorſe,
They could not ſpeake, and ſo I left them both,
To beare this tydings to the bloody King.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Cat. RESCUE my Lord of Norfolke, Reſcue, Reſcue:[2]
The King enacts more wonders then a man,
Daring an oppoſite to euery danger:
His horſe is ſlaine, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death:
Reſcue faire Lord, or elſe the day is loſt.

Rich. A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.

Cates. Withdraw my Lord, Ile helpe you to a Horſe.

Rich. Slaue, I haue ſet my life vpon a caſt,
And I will ſtand the hazard of the Dye:
I thinke there be ſixe Richmonds in the field,
Fiue haue I ſlaine to day, in ſtead of him.
A Horſe, a Horſe, my Kingdome for a Horſe.

---

[1] one *F*, once *Q*. [2] Reſcue, Reſcue: *a separate line.*

æ bu:k ov præi,rz on ðæir pilo: læi;
hwitʃ o:ns," kwoθ forest, "a:lmo:st tʃændʒd mij mijnd;
but o:! ðe di:vil"—ðe:r ðe vilæin stopt;
hwen dijton ðus tould on: "wi smuðerd
ðe mo:st repleniʃed swi:t wurk ov næ:tiur,
ðæt from ðe prijm kreæ:siŏn e:r ʃi fræ:md."
hens bo:θ ær go:n wið konsĭens ænd remors;
ðæi ku:ld not spe:k; ænd so: ij left ðem bo:θ,
tu be:r ðis tijdiŋz tu ðe bludi kiŋ.

* * *

Act V. Scene iv.

kæ:tsbi.] reskiu, mij lord ov norfouk, reskiu, reskiu!
ðe kiŋ enækts mo:r wunderz ðen æ mæn,
dæ:riŋ æn opozit tu ev(e)ri dændʒer:
hiz hors iz slæin, ænd a:l on fu:t hi fijts,
si:kiŋ for ritʃmond in ðe θro:t ov de(:)θ.
reskiu, fæir lord, or els ðe dæi iz lost!

ritʃærd.] æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ hors!

kæ:tsbi.] wiθdra:, mij lord! ijl help iu tu æ hors.

ritʃærd.] slæ:v, ij hæv set mij lijf upon æ kæst,
ænd ij wil stænd ðe hæzærd ov ðe dij:
ij θiŋk ðer bi siks ritʃmondz in ðe fi:ld;
fijv hæv ij slæin tu-ðæi insted ov him.
æ hors! æ hors! mij kiŋdum for æ hors!

FROM KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III. SCENE II.

FAREWELL![1] A long farewell to all my Greatneſſe.
This is the ſtate of Man; to day he puts forth
The tender Leaues of hopes, to morrow Bloſſomes,
And beares his bluſhing Honors thicke vpon him:
The third day, comes a Froſt; a killing Froſt,
And when he thinkes, good eaſie man, full ſurely
His Greatneſſe is a ripening, nippes his roote,
And then he fals as I do. I haue ventur'd
Like little wanton Boyes that ſwim on bladders:
This many Summers in a Sea of Glory,
But farre beyond my depth: my high-blowne Pride
At length broke vnder me, and now ha's left me
Weary, and old with Seruice, to the mercy
Of a rude ſtreame, that muſt for euer hide me.
Vaine pompe, and glory of this World, I hate ye,
I feele my heart new open'd. Oh how wretched
Is that poore man, that hangs on Princes fauors?
There is betwixt that ſmile we would aſpire too,
That ſweet Aſpect of Princes, and their ruine,
More pangs, and feares then warres, or women haue;
And when he falles, he falles like Lucifer,
Neuer to hope againe.

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[1] Farewell?.

From King Henry VIII.

Act III. Scene II.

fæ:rwel! æ loŋ fæ:rwel, tu a:l mij gre:tnes!
ðis iz ðe stæ:t ov mæn: tu-dæi hi puts furθ
ðe tender le:vz ov ho:ps; tu-moro: blosomz,
ænd be:rz hiz bluʃiŋ onorz θik upon him;
ðe θird dæi kumz æ frost, æ kiliŋ frost,
ænd hwen hi θiŋks, gud e:zi mæn, ful siurli
hiz gre:tnes iz æ-rijpniŋ, nips hiz ru:t,
ænd ðen hi fa:lz, æz ij du:. ij hæv ventiurd,[1]
lijk lit,l wænton boiz ðæt swim on blæderz,
ðis mæni sumerz in æ se: ov glo:ri,
but fær bi-jond mij depθ: mij hij-bloun prijd
æt leŋθ bro:k under mi: ænd nuw hæz left mi:,
we:ri ænd ould wið servis, tu ðe mersi
ov æ riud stre:m, ðæt must for ever hijd mi:.
væin pomp ænd glo:ri ov ðis world, ij hæ:t ji::
ij fi:l mij hært niu o:p,nd. o: huw wretʃed
iz ðæt pu:r mæn ðæt hæŋz on prinsez fæ:vorz!
ðer iz, bitwikst ðæt smijl wi wu:ld æspijr tu:,
ðæt swi:t æspekt ov prinsez, ænd ðæir riuin,
mo:r pæŋz ænd fe:rz ðen wærz or wimen hæ:v:
ænd hwen hi fa:lz, hi fa:lz lijk liusifer,
never tu ho:p ægæin.

---

[1] *Or* venterd.

FROM CORIOLANUS.

ACT V. SCENE III.

NAY, go not from vs thus:
If it were ſo, that our requeſt did tend
To ſaue the Romanes, thereby to deſtroy
The Volces whom you ſerue, you might condemne vs
As poyſonous of your Honour. No, our ſuite
Is that you reconcile them: While the Volces
May ſay, this mercy we haue ſhew'd: the Romanes,
This we receiu'd, and each in either ſide
Giue the All-haile to thee, and cry be Bleſt
For making vp this peace. Thou know'ſt (great Sonne)
The end of Warres vncertaine: but this certaine,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou ſhalt thereby reape, is ſuch a name
Whoſe repetition will be dogg'd with Curſes:
Whoſe Chronicle thus writ, The man was Noble,
But with his laſt Attempt, he wip'd it out:
Deſtroy'd his Country, and his name remaines
To th'inſuing Age, abhorr'd. Speake to me Son:
Thou haſt affected the fine[1] ſtraines of Honor,
To imitate the graces of the Gods.
To teare with Thunder the wide Cheekes a'th'Ayre,
And yet to charge[2] thy Sulphure with a Boult
That ſhould but riue an Oake. Why do'ſt not ſpeake?
Think'ſt thou it Honourable for a Nobleman
Still to remember wrongs? Daughter, ſpeake you:
He cares not for your weeping. Speake thou Boy,

[1] fiue. [2] change.

From Coriolanus.

Act V. Scene iii.

næi, go: not from us ðus.
if it we:r so: ðæt uwr rekwest did tend
tu sæ:v ðe ro:mænz, ðe:rbij tu destroi
ðe volse:z hwu:m iu serv, iu mijt kondem us,
æz poiznus ov iur onor: no:; uwr siut
iz, ðæt iu rekonsijl ðem: hwijl ðe volse:z
mæi sæi "ðis mersi wi hæv ʃoud;" ðe ro:mænz,
"ðis wi rese:vd;" ænd e:tʃ in e:ðer sijd
giv ðe a:l-hæil tu ði:, ænd krij "bi: blest
for mæ:kiŋ up ðis pe:s!" ðuw knoust, gre:t sun,

ðe end ov wærz unsertæin, but ðis sertæin,
ðæt, if ðuw koŋker ru:m, ðe benefit
hwitʃ ðuw ʃælt ðe:rbij re:p iz sutʃ æ næ:m,
hwu:z repetisĭon wil bi dogd wið kursez;
hwu:z kronik,l ðus writ: "ðe mæn wæz no:b,l,
but wið hiz læst ætempt hi wijpt it uwt;
destroid hiz kuntri, ænd hiz næ:m remæinz
tu ðinsiuiŋ æ:dʒ æbhord." spe:k tu mi:, sun:
ðuw hæst æfekted ðe fijn stræinz ov onor,
tu imitæ:t ðe græ:sez ov ðe godz:
tu te:r wið θunder ðe wijd tʃi:ks o ðæir
ænd jit tu tʃærdʒ ðij sulfur wið æ boult
ðæt ʃu:ld but rijv æn o:k. hwij dust not spe:k?
θiŋkst ðuw it on(o)ræbl for æ no:b,l mæn
stil tu remember wroŋz? da:ter, spe:k iu:
hi kæ:rz not for iur wi:piŋ. spe:k ðuw, boi:

Perhaps thy childiſhneſſe will moue him more
Then can our Reaſons. There's no man in the world
More bound to's Mother, yet heere he let's me prate
Like one i'th' Stockes. Thou haſt neuer in thy life,
Shew'd thy deere Mother any curteſie,
When ſhe (poore Hen) fond of no ſecond brood,
Ha's clock'd thee to the Warres: and ſafelie home
Loden with Honor. Say my Requeſt's vniuſt,
And ſpurne me backe: But, if it be not ſo
Thou art not honeſt, and the Gods will plague thee
That thou reſtrain'ſt from me the Duty, which
To a Mothers part belongs. He turnes away:
Down Ladies: let vs ſhame him with our knees
To his ſur-name *Coriolanus* longs more pride
Then pitty to our Prayers. Downe: an end,
This is the laſt. So, we will home to Rome,
And dye among our Neighbours: Nay, behold's,
This Boy that cannot tell what he would haue,
But kneeles, and holds vp hands for fellowſhip,
Doe's reaſon our Petitio.i with more ſtrength
Then thou haſt to deny't. Come, let vs go:
This Fellow had a Volcean to his Mother:
His Wife is in *Corioles,* and his Childe
Like him by chance: yet giue vs our diſpatch:
I am huſht vntill our City be afire,
And then Ile ſpeak a litle. [1]

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[1] & then ile ſpeak a litle, *not beginning a new line.*

perhæps ðij tʃijldiʃnes wil mu:v him mo:r
ðen kæn uwr re:z,nz. ðerz no: mæn in ðe world
mo:r buwnd tuz muðer; jit he:r hi lets mi præ:t
lijk o:n id stoks. ðuw (hæ)st never in ðij lijf
ʃoud ðij de:r muðer æni kurtesi,
hwen ʃi:, pu:r hen, fond ov no: sekond bru:d,
hæz klokt ði tu ðe wærz ænd sæ:fli ho:m,
lo:d,n wið onor. sæi mij rekwests undʒust,
ænd spurn mi bæk': but if it bi: not so:,
ðuw ært not onest; ænd ðe godz wil plæ:g ði:,
ðæt ðuw restræinst from mi: ðe diuti hwitʃ
tŭ æ muðerz pært biloŋz. hi turnz æwæi:
duwn, læ:diz; let us ʃæ:m him wið uwr kni:z.
tŭ (h)iz surnæ:m korĭolæ:nus loŋz mo:r prijd
ðen piti tu uwr præi,rz. duwn: æn end;
ðis iz ðe læst: so: wi wil ho:m tu ru:m,
ænd dij æmoŋ uwr ne:borz:[2] næi, bihoulds:
ðis boi, ðæt kænot tel hwæt hi wu:ld hæ:v,
but kni:lz ænd houldz up hændz for felo:ʃip,
duz re:z,n uwr petisĭon wið mo:r streŋθ
ðen ðuw hæst tu denijt. kum, let us go::
ðis felo: hæd æ volsĕæn tu hiz muðer;
hiz wijf iz in korij(o)le:z, ænd hiz tʃijld
lijk him bij tʃæns. jit giv us uwr dispætʃ:
ij (æ)m huʃt until uwr siti bi: æfijr,
ænd ðen ijl spe:k æ lit,l.

---

[1] *Or* næiborz.

FROM ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Rom. She ſpeakes.
Oh ſpeake againe bright Angell, for thou art
As glorious to this night being ore my head,
As is a winged meſſenger of heauen
Vnto the white vpturned wondring eyes
Of mortalls that fall backe to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazie puffing Cloudes,
And ſailes vpon the boſome of the ayre.
Iul. O *Romeo, Romeo,* wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Denie thy Father and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworne my Loue,
And Ile no longer be a *Capulet.*
Rom. Shall I heare more, or ſhall I ſpeake at this?
Iu. 'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy:
Thou art thy ſelfe, though not a *Mountague,*
What's *Mountague?* it is nor hand nor foote,
Nor arme, nor face, nor any other part[1]
Belonging to a man.[2] O be ſome other name!
What's in a name? that[3] which we call a Roſe,
By any other word would ſmell as ſweete,
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* cal'd,
Retaine that deare perfection which he owes,
Without that title. *Romeo,*[4] doffe thy name,
And for thy name which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelfe.

[1] N. a., n. f., O be ſome other name *QF.* [2] *Line ending here QF.* [3] What? in a names that. [5] title *Romeo,.*

From Romeo and Juliet.

Act II. Scene ii.

ro:mĕo:.] ʃi spe:ks:
o:, spe:k ægæin, brijt ændʒ,l! for ðuw ært
æz glo:rĭus tu ðis nijt, bi:(i)ŋ o:r mij hed,
æz iz æ wiŋged mesendʒer ov he(:)vn
untu ðe hwijt-upturned wundriŋ ijz
ov mortælz ðæt fa:l bæk tu gæ:z on him
hwen hi bistrijdz ðe læ:zi pufiŋ kluwdz
ænd sæilz upon ðe bu:zom ov ðe æir.
dʒiulĭet.] o: ro:mĕo:, ro:mĕo:! hwe:rfo:r ært ðuw
ro:mĕo:?
denij ðij fæðer ænd refiuz ðij næ:m;
or, if ðuw wilt not, bi: but sworn mij luv,
ænd ijl no loŋger bi: æ kæpiulet.
ro:mĕo:.] ʃæl ij he:r mo:r, or ʃæl ij spe:k æt
ðis?
dʒiulĭet.] tiz but ðij næ:m ðæt iz mij enemi;
ðuw ært ðijself, ðou not æ muwntægiu.
hwæts muwntægiu? it iz nor hænd, nor fu:t,
nor ærm, nor fæ:s, nor æni uðer pært
biloŋgiŋ tu æ mæn. o:, bi: sum uðer næ:m!
hwæts in æ næ:m? ðæt hwitʃ wi ka:l æ ro:z
bij æni uðer word wu:ld smel æz swi:t;
so: ro:mĕo: wu:ld, we(:)r hi not ro:mĕo: ka:ld,
retæin ðæt de:r perfeksĭon hwitʃ hi ouz
wiðuwt ðæt tijt,l. ro:mĕo:, dof ðij næ:m,
ænd for ðij næ:m hwitʃ iz no pært ov ði:
tæ:k a:l mijself.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but Loue, and Ile be new baptiz'd,
Hence foorth I neuer will be *Romeo*.

. . . . . .

Iul. Thou knoweſt the maske of night is on my face,
Elſe would a Maiden bluſh bepaint my cheeke,
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeake to night,
Faine would I dwell on forme, faine, faine, denie
What I haue ſpoke, but farewell Complement,
Doeſt thou Loue me?[1] I know thou wilt ſay I,
And I will take thy word, yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou maieſt proue falſe: at Louers periuries
They ſay *Ioue* laughs,[2] oh gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt Loue, pronounce it faithfully:
Or if thou thinkeſt I am too quickly wonne,
Ile frowne and be peruerſe, and ſay thee nay,
So thou wilt wooe: But elſe not for the world.
In truth faire *Mountague* I am too fond:
And therefore thou maieſt thinke my hauiour[3] light,
But truſt me Gentleman, Ile proue more true,
Then thoſe that haue more cunning[4] to be ſtrange,
I ſhould haue beene more ſtrange, I muſt confeſſe,
But that thou ouer heard'ſt ere I was ware
My true Loues paſſion, therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yeelding to light Loue,
Which the darke night hath ſo diſcouered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed[5] Moone I vow,
That tips with ſiluer all theſe Fruite tree tops.

Iul. O ſweare not by the Moone, th'inconſtant Moone,

[1] me *om. F,* me *Q.* [2] laught. [3] behauiour *F,* h. *Q.*
[4] coying *F,* more cunning *Q.* [5] bleſſed *om. F.,* bl. *Q.*

ro:mĕo:.] ij tæ:k đi æt đij word:
ka:l mi but luv, ænd ijl bi niu bæptijzd;
hensfurθ ij never wil bi ro:meo:.

. . . . . .

dʒiulĭet.] đuw knoust đe mæsk ov nijt iz on
mij fæ:s,
els wu:ld æ mæid,n bluʃ bipæint mij tʃi:k
for đæt hwitʃ đuw hæst hærd mi spe:k tu-nijt.
fæin wu:ld ij dwel on form, fæin, fæin denij
hwæt ij hæv spo:k: but fæ:rwel kompliment!
dust đuw luv mi:? ij kno: đuw wilt sæi "ij,"
ænd ij wil tæ:k đij word: jit, if đuw swe:rst
đuw mæist pru:v fa:ls; æt luverz perdʒiuriz,
đæi sæi, dʒo:v læfs. o: dʒent,l ro:meo:,
if đuw dust luv, pronuwns it fæiθfuli:
or if đuw θiŋkst ij æm tu: kwikli wun,
ijl fruwn ænd bi pervers ænd sæi đi næi,
so đuw wilt wu:; but els, not for đe world.
in triuθ, fæir muwntægiu, ij æm tu: fond,
ænd đe:rfo:r đuw mæist θiŋk mij hæ:vĭor lijt:
but trust mi:, dʒent,l mæn, ijl pru:v mo:r triu
đen đo:z đæt hæ:v mo:r kuniŋ tu bi strændʒ.
ij ʃu:ld hæv bi:n mo:r strændʒ, ij must konfes,
but đæt đuw overhærdst, e:r ij wæz wæ:r,
mij triu luvz pæsĭon: đe:rfo:r pærdon mi:,
ænd not impiut đis ji:ldiŋ tu lijt luv,
hwitʃ đe dærk nijt hæθ so: diskuvered.
ro:mĕo:.] læ:di, bij jonder blesed mu:n ij vuw
đæt tips wid silver a:l đe:z friut-tri: tops—
dʒiulĭet.] o:, swe:r not bij đe mu:n, đinkonstænt
mu:n,

That monethly changes in her circled Orbe,
Leaſt that thy Loue proue likewiſe variable.
Rom. What ſhall I ſweare by?
Iul. Do not ſweare at all:
Or if thou wilt ſweare by thy gratious ſelfe,
Which is the God of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Rom. If my hearts deare loue.
Iuli. Well do not ſweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too raſh, too vnaduiſ'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning which doth ceaſe to be
Ere one can ſay, it lightens, Sweete good night:
This bud of Loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious Flower when next we meete:
Goodnight, goodnight, as ſweete repoſe and reſt,
Come to thy heart, as that within my breſt.
Rom. O wilt thou leaue me ſo vnſatisfied?
Iuli. What ſatisfaction can'ſt thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy Loues faithfull vow for mine.
Iul. I gaue thee mine before thou did'ſt requeſt it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Rom. Would'ſt thou withdraw it? For what purpoſe Loue?[1]
Iul. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wiſh but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundleſſe as the Sea,
My Loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are Infinite.

* * *

[1] For . . . Loue? *a separate line.*

đæt munθli tʃændʒez in her sirkled orb,
lest đæt đij luv pru:v lijkwijz væ:rĭæb,l.[1]
ro:mĕo:.] hwæt ʃæl ij swe:r bij?
dʒiuliĕt.] du not swe:r æt a:l;
or, if đuw wilt, swe:r bij đij græ:sĭus self,
hwitʃ iz đe god ov mij ijdolætri,
ænd ijl bili:v di:.
ro:mĕo:.] if mij hærts de:r luv—
dʒiulĭet.] wel, du not swe:r a:lđou ij dʒoi in đi:,
ij hæ:v no dʒoi ov đis kontrækt tu-nijt:
it iz tu: ræʃ, tu: unædvijzd, tu: sudæin;[2]
tu: lijk đe lijtniŋ, hwitʃ duθ se:s tu bi:
e:r o:n kæn sæi "it lijt,nz." swi:t, gud nijt!
đis bud ov luv, bij sumerz rijpniŋ bre(:)θ,
mæi pru:v æ beutĭus fluwr hwen nekst wi mi:t.
gud nijt, gud nijt! æz swi:t repo:z ænd rest
kum tu đij hært æz đæt wiđin mij brest!
ro:mĕo:.] o:, wilt đuw le:v mi so: unsætisfijd?
dʒiulĭet.] hwæt sætisfæksĭon kænst đuw hæ:v tu-nijt?
ro:mĕo:.] đekstʃændʒ ov đij luvz fæiθful vuw for mijn.
dʒiulĭet.] ij gæ:v đi mijn bifo:r đuw didst rekwest it:
ænd jit ij wu:ld it we(:)r tu giv ægæin.
ro:mĕo:.] wu:ldst đuw wiθdra: it? for hwæt purpos, luv?
dʒiulĭet.] but tu bi fræŋk, ænd giv it đi ægæin.
ænd jit ij wiʃ but for đe θiŋ ij hæ:v:
mij buwnti iz æz buwndles æz đe se:,
mij luv æz di:p; đe mo:r ij giv tu đi:,
đe mo:r ij hæ:v, for bo:θ ær infinit.

* * *

[1] *Or* væriæb(,)l. [2] sud,n.

ACT V. SCENE I.

IF I may truſt the flattering truth of ſleepe,
My dreames preſage ſome ioyfull news at hand:
My boſomes Lord[1] ſits lightly in his throne:
And all this day an vnaccuſtom'd[2] ſpirit,
Lifts me aboue the ground with cheerefull thoughts.
I dreamt my Lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dreame that giues a dead man leaue to thinke,)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reuiu'd and was an Emperour.
Ah me, how ſweet is loue it ſelfe poſſeſt,
When but loues ſhadowes are ſo rich in ioy.

FROM JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Bru. ROMANS, Countrey-men, and Louers, heare mee for my cauſe, and be ſilent, that you may heare. Beleeue me for mine Honor, and haue reſpect to mine Honor, that you may beleeue. Cenſure me in your Wiſedom, and awake your Senſes, that you may the better Iudge. If there bee any in this Aſſembly, any deere Friend of *Cæſars,* to him I ſay, that *Brutus* loue to *Cæſar,* was no leſſe then his. If then, that Friend demand, why *Brutus* roſe againſt *Cæſar,* this is my anſwer: Not that I lou'd *Cæſar* leſſe, but that I lou'd Rome more. Had you rather *Cæſar* were liuing, and dye all Slaues;

[1] L. [2] thisan day an vccuſtom'd.

Act V. Scene i.

if ij mæi trust đe flæt(e)riŋ triuθ ov sli:p,
mij dre:mz presæ:dʒ sum dʒoiful niuz æt hænd:
mij bu:zomz lord sits lijtli in hiz θro:n;
ænd a:l đis dæi æn unækustomd spirit
lifts mi æbuv đe gruwnd wiđ tʃe:rful θouts.
ij dremt mij læ:di kæ:m ænd fuwnd mi ded—
strændʒ dre:m, đæt givz æ ded mæn le:v tu θiŋk!—
ænd bre:đd sutʃ lijf wiđ kisez in mij lips,
đæt ij revijvd, ænd wæz æn emperor.
æh mi:! huw swi:t iz luv itself pozest,
hwen but luvz ʃædouz ær so ritʃ in dʒoi!

From Julius Cæsar.

Act III. Scene ii.

briutus.] ro:mænz, kuntrimen, ænd luverz! he:r mi for mij ka:z, ænd bi: sijlent, đæt iu mæi he:r: bili:v mi for mijn onor, ænd hæ:v respekt tu mijn onor, dæt iu mæi bili:v: sensiur mi in iur wizdum, ænd æwæ:k iur sensez, đæt iu mæi đe beter dʒudʒ. if đer bi: æni in đis æsembli, æni de:r frend ov se:zærz, tu him ij sæi, đæt briutus luv tu se:zær wæz no les đen hiz.[1] if đen đæt frend demænd hwij briutus ro:z ægæinst se:zær, dis iz mij ænswer:—not đæt ij luvd se:zær les, but đæt ij luvd ru:m mo:r. hæd iu ræđer se:zær we(:)r liviŋ ænd dij a:l slæ:vz,

[1] *Or* his.

then that *Cæſar* were dead, to liue all Free-men? As *Cæſar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I ſlew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere ſo baſe, that would be a Bondman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, ſpeake, for him haue I offended. I pauſe for a Reply.

. . . . . .

An. Friends, Romans, Countrymen, lend me your ears:
I come to bury *Cæſar,* not to praiſe him:
The euill that men do, liues after them,
The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæſar.* The Noble *Brutus,*
Hath told you *Cæſar* was Ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a greeuous Fault,
And greeuouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the reſt
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to ſpeake in *Cæſars* Funerall.
He was my Friend, faithfull, and iuſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,
Whoſe Ranſomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæſar* ſeeme Ambitious?
When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæſar* hath wept:

đen đæt se:zær we(:)r ded, tu liv a:l fri: men? æz se:-
zær luvd mi:, ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz fortiunæ:t, ij
redʒois æt it; æz hi wæz vælĭænt, ij onor him;
but, æz hi wæz æmbisĭus, ij sliu him. đer iz te:rz
for hiz luv; dʒoi for hiz fortiun; onor for hiz
vælor; ænd de(:)θ for hiz æmbisĭon. hwu: iz he:r
so bæ:s đæt wu:ld bi æ bondmæn? if æni, spe:k;
for him hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so riud đæt
wu:ld not bi æ ro:mæn? if æni, spe:k; for him
hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so vijl đæt wil not
luv hiz kuntri? if æni, spe:k; for him hæv ij ofend-
ed. ij pa:z for æ replij.

. . . . . .

æntoni.] frendz, ro:mænz, kuntrimen, lend mi
iur e:rz;
ij kum tu beri se:zær, not tu præiz him.
đe i:vil đæt men du: livz æfter đem;
đe gud iz oft intered wiđ đæir bo:nz;
so let it bi: wi se:zær. đe no:b,l briutus
hæθ tould iu se:zær wæz æmbisi-us:
if it we:r so:, it wæz æ gri:vus fa:lt,
ænd gri:vusli hæθ se:zær ænswerd it.
he:r, under le:v ov briutus ænd đe rest—
for briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn;
so ær đæi a:l, a:l onoræb,l men—
kum ij tu spe:k in se:zærz fiuneræl.
hi wæz mij frend, fæiθful ænd dʒust tu mi::
but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu ru:m,
hwu:z rænsomz did đe dʒen(e)ræl koferz fil:
did đis in se:zær si:m æmbisi-us?
hwen đæt đe pu:r hæv krijd, se:zær hæθ wept:

then that *Cæſar* were dead, to liue all Free-men? As *Cæſar* lou'd mee, I weepe for him; as he was Fortunate, I reioyce at it; as he was Valiant, I honour him: But, as he was Ambitious, I ſlew him. There is Teares, for his Loue: Ioy, for his Fortune: Honor, for his Valour: and Death, for his Ambition. Who is heere ſo baſe, that would be a Bondman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak, for him haue I offended. Who is heere ſo vile, that will not loue his Countrey? If any, ſpeake, for him haue I offended. I pauſe for a Reply.

. . . . . .

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The good is oft enterred with their bones,
So let it be with *Cæſar.* The Noble *Brutus,*
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And greeuouſly hath *Cæſar* anſwer'd it.
Heere, vnder leaue of *Brutus*, and the reſt
(For *Brutus* is an Honourable man,
So are they all; all Honourable men)
Come I to ſpeake in *Cæſars* Funerall.
He was my Friend, faithfull, and iuſt to me;
But *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious,
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
He hath brought many Captiues home to Rome,
Whoſe Ranſomes, did the generall Coffers fill:
Did this in *Cæſar* ſeeme Ambitious?
When that the poore haue cry'de, *Cæſar* hath wept:

ðen ðæt se:zær we(:)r ded, tu liv a:l fri: men? æz se:-
zær luvd mi:, ij wi:p for him; æz hi wæz fortiunæ:t, ij
redʒois æt it; æz hi wæz vælĭænt, ij onor him;
but, æz hi wæz æmbisĭus, ij sliu him. ðer iz te:rz
for hiz luv; dʒoi for hiz fortiun; onor for hiz
vælor; ænd de(:)θ for hiz æmbisĭon. hwu: iz he:r
so bæ:s ðæt wu:ld bi æ bondmæn? if æni, spe:k;
for him hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so riud ðæt
wu:ld not bi æ ro:mæn? if æni, spe:k; for him
hæv ij ofended. hwu: iz he:r so vijl ðæt wil not
luv hiz kuntri? if æni, spe:k; for him hæv ij ofend-
ed. ij pa:z for æ replij.

. . . . . .

ænton i.] frendz, ro:mænz, kuntrimen, lend mi
iur e:rz;
ij kum tu beri se:zær, not tu præiz him.
ðe i:vil ðæt men du: livz æfter ðem;
ðe gud iz oft intered wiθ ðæir bo:nz;
so let it bi: wi se:zær. ðe no:b,l briutus
hæθ tould iu se:zær wæz æmbisi-us:
if it we:r so:, it wæz æ gri:vus fa:lt,
ænd gri:vusli hæθ se:zær ænswerd it.
he:r, under le:v ov briutus ænd ðe rest—
for briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn;
so ær ðæi a:l, a:l onoræb,l men—
kum ij tu spe:k in se:zærz fiuneræl.
hi wæz mij frend, fæiθful ænd dʒust tu mi::
but briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
hi hæθ brout mæni kæptivz ho:m tu ru:m,
hwu:z rænsomz did ðe dʒen(e)ræl koferz fil:
did ðis in se:zær si:m æmbisi-us?
hwen ðæt ðe pu:r hæv krijd, se:zær hæθ wept:

Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuffe,
Yet *Brutus* ſayes, he was Ambitious:
And *Brutus* is an Honourable man.
You all did ſee, that on the *Lupercall*,
I thrice preſented him a Kingly Crowne,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this Ambition?
Yet Brutus ſayes, he was Ambitious:
And ſure he is an Honourable man.
I ſpeake not to diſprooue what *Brutus* ſpoke,
But heere I am, to ſpeake what I do know;
You all did loue him once, not without cauſe,
What cauſe with-holds you then, to mourne for him?
O Iudgement! thou art[1] fled to brutiſh Beaſts,
And Men haue loſt their Reaſon. Beare with me,
My heart is in the Coffin there with *Cæſar*,
And I muſt pawſe, till it come backe to me.

. . . . . .

But yeſterday, the word of *Cæſar* might
Haue ſtood againſt the World: Now lies he there,
And none ſo poore to do him reuerence.
O Maiſters! If I were diſpos'd to ſtirre
Your hearts and mindes to Mutiny and Rage,
I ſhould do *Brutus* wrong, and *Caſſius* wrong:
Who (you all know) are Honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong my ſelfe and you,
Then I will wrong ſuch Honourable men.
But heere's a Parchment, with the Seale of *Cæſar*,
I found it in his Cloſſet, 'tis his Will:
Let but the Commons heare this Teſtament:
Which (pardon me)[2] I do not meane to reade,

[1] are. [2] (Which pardon me).

æmbisĭon ʃu:ld bi mæ:d ov sterner stuf:
jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
ænd briutus iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
iu a:l did si: ðæt on ðe liuperkæl
ij θrijs prezented him æ kiŋli kruwn,
hwitʃ hi did θrijs refiuz: wæz ðis æmbisĭon?
jit briutus sæiz hi wæz æmbisi-us;
ænd, siur, hi iz æn onoræb,l mæn.
ij spe:k not tu dispru:v hwæt briutus spo:k,
but he:r ij æm tu spe:k hwæt ij du kno:.
iu a:l did luv him o:ns, not wiðuwt ka:z:
hwæt ka:z wiθhouldz iu ðen, tu murn for him?
o: dʒudʒment! duw ært fled tu briutiʃ be:sts,
ænd men hæv lost ðæir re:z,n. be:r wið mi:;
mij hært iz in ðe kofin ðe:r wið se:zær,
ænd ij must pa:z til it kum bæk tu mi:.

. . . . . .

but jesterdæi ðe word ov se:zær mijt
hæv stu(:)d ægæinst ðe world: nuw lijz hi ðe:r,
ænd no:n so pu:r tu du: him reverens.
o: mæsterz, if ij we(:)r dispo:zd tu stur
iur hærts ænd mijndz tu miutini ænd ræ:dʒ,
ij ʃu:ld du: briutus wroŋ, ænd kæsĭus wroŋ,
hwu:, iu a:l kno:, ær onoræb,l men.
ij wil not du: ðem wroŋ; ij ræðer tʃu:z
tu wroŋ ðe ded, tu wroŋ mijself ænd iu,
ðen ij wil wroŋ sutʃ onoræb,l men.
but he:rz æ pærtʃment wið ðe se:l ov se:zær;
ij fuwnd it in hiz klozet, tiz hiz wil:
let but ðe komonz he:r dis testæment—
hwitʃ, pærdon mi:, ij du not me:n tu re:d—

And they would go and kiſſe dead *Cæſars* wounds,
And dip their Napkins in his Sacred Blood;
Yea, begge a haire of him for Memory,
And dying, mention it within their Willes,
Bequeathing it as a rich Legacie
Vnto their iſſue.

. . . . . .

Haue patience gentle Friends, I must not read it.
It is not meete you know how *Cæſar* lou'd you:
You are not Wood, you are not Stones, but men:
And being men, hearing the Will of *Cæſar,*
It will inflame you, it will make you mad;
'Tis good you know not that you are his Heires,
For if you ſhould, O what would come of it?

. . . . . .

Will you be Patient? Will you ſtay a-while?
I haue o're-ſhot my ſelfe to tell you of it,
I feare I wrong the Honourable men,
Whoſe Daggers haue ſtabb'd *Cæſar*: I do feare it.

. . . . . .

You will compell me then to read the Will:
Then make a Ring about the Corpes of *Cæſar,*
And let me ſhew you him that made the Will:
Shall I deſcend? And will you giue me leaue?

. . . . . .

If you haue teares, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this Mantle, I remember
The firſt time euer *Cæſar* put it on,
'Twas on a Summers Euening in his Tent,
That day he ouercame the *Nervij.*
Looke, in this place ran *Caſſius* Dagger through:
See what a rent the enuious *Caska* made:
Through this, the wel-beloued *Brutus* ſtabb'd.

ænd ðæi wu:ld go: ænd kis ded se:zærz wuwndz
ænd dip ðæir næpkinz in hiz sæ:kred blud,
je:, beg æ hæir ov him for memori,
ænd, dijiŋ, mensĭon it wiðin ðæir wilz,
bikwe:ðiŋ it æz æ ritʃ legæsi
untu ðæir isiu.

. . . . . .

hæ:v pæ:sĭens, dʒent,l frendz, ij must not re:d it;
it iz not mi:t iu kno: huw se:zær luvd iu.
iu ær not wud, iu ær not sto:nz, but men;
ænd bi:iŋ men, he:riŋ ðe wil ov se:zær,
it wil inflæ:m iu, it wil mæ:k iu mæd:
tiz gud iu kno: not ðæt iu ær hiz hæirz;
for if iu ʃu:ld, o:, hwæt wu:ld kum ov it!

. . . . . .

wil iu bi pæ:sĭent? wil iu stæi æhwijl?
ij hæv o:rʃot mijself tu tel iu ov it:
ij fe:r ij wroŋ ðe onoræb,l men
hwu:z dægerz hæv stæbd se:zær; ij du fe:r it.

. . . . . .

iu wil kompel mi, ðen, tu re:d ðe wil?
ðen mæ:k æ riŋ æbuwt ðe korps ov se:zær,
ænd let mi ʃo: iu him ðæt mæ:d ðe wil.
ʃæl ij desend? ænd wil iu giv mi le:v?

. . . . . .

if iu hæv te:rz, prepæ:r tu ʃed ðem nuw.
iu a:l du kno: dis mænt,l, ij remember
ðe first tijm ever se:zær put it on
twæz on æ sumerz i:vniŋ, in hiz tent,
ðæt ðæi hi overkæ:m ðe nervi-ij:
lu:k, in dis plæ:s ræn kæsĭus dæger θru::
si: hwæt æ rent ðe envĭus kæskæ mæ:d:
θru: dis ðe wel-biluved briutus stæbd;

And as he pluck'd his curſed Steele away:
Marke how the blood of *Cæſar* followed it,
As ruſhing out of doores, to be reſolu'd
If *Brutus* ſo vnkindely knock'd, or no:
For *Brutus,* as you know, was *Cæſars* Angel.
Iudge, O you Gods, how deerely *Cæſar* lou'd him:
This was the moſt vnkindeſt cut of all.
For when the Noble *Cæſar* ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong then Traitors armes,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his Mighty heart,
And in his Mantle, muffling vp his face,
Euen at the Baſe of *Pompeyes* Statue
(Which all the while ran blood) great *Cæſar* fell.
O what a fall was there, my Countrymen?
Then I, and you, and all of vs fell downe,
Whil'ſt bloody Treaſon flouriſh'd ouer vs.
O now you weepe, and I perceiue you feele
The dint of pitty: Theſe are gracious droppes.
Kinde Soules, what weepe you, when you but behold
Our *Cæſars* Veſture wounded? Looke you heere,
Heere is Himſelfe, marr'd as you ſee with Traitors.

. . . . . .

Good Friends, ſweet Friends, let me not ſtirre you vp
To ſuch a ſodaine Flood of Mutiny:
They that haue done this Deede, are honourable.
What priuate greefes they haue, alas I know not,
That made them do it: They are Wiſe, and Honourable,
And will no doubt with Reaſons anſwer you.
I come not (Friends) to ſteale away your hearts,
I am no Orator, as *Brutus* is;

ænd æz hi plukt hiz kursed sti:l æwæi,
mærk huw ðe blud ov se:zær foloud it,
æz ruʃiŋ uwt ov do:rz, tu bi rezolvd
if briutus so unkijndli knokt, or no:;
for briutus, æz iu kno:, wæz se:zærz ændʒ,l:
dʒudʒ, o: iu ɡodz, huw de:rli se:zær luvd him!
ðis wæz ðe mo:st unkijndest kut ov a:l;
for hwen ðe no:b,l se:zær sa: him stæb,
ingrætitiud, mo:r stroŋ ðen træitorz ærmz,
kwijt væŋkwiʃt him: ðen burst hiz mijti hært;
ænd, in hiz mænt,l mufliŋ up hiz fæ:s,
i:vn æt ðe bæ:s ov pompæiz stætiue,[1]
hwitʃ a:l ðe hwijl ræn blud, gre:t se:zær fel.
o:, hwæt æ fa:l wæz de:r, mij kuntrimen!
ðen ij, ænd iu, ænd a:l ov us fel duwn,
hwijlst bludi tre:z,n fluriʃt over us.
o:, nuw iu wi:p; ænd, ij perse:v, iu fi:l
ðe dint ov piti: de:z ær græ:sĭus drops.
kijnd soulz, hwæt, wi:p iu hwen iu but bihould
uwr se:zærz vestiur wuwnded? lu:k iu he:r,
he:r iz himself, mærd, æz iu si:, wid træitorz.

. . . . . .

ɡud frendz, swi:t frendz, let mi not stur iu up
tu sutʃ æ sudæin flud ov miutini.
ðæi dæt hæv dun ðis di:d ær onoræb,l:
hwæt prijvæ:t gri:fs ðæi hæ:v, ælæs, ij kno: not,
ðæt mæ:d dem du:(i)t: ðæi (æ)r wijz ænd onoræb,l,
ænd wil, no duwt, wid re:z,nz ænswer iu.
ij kum not, frendz, tu ste:l æwæi iur hærts:
ij æm no orætor, æz briutus iz;

[1] *Or* staty:ə; "*statue*" *being treated as a F. word. Or else* stætiuæ, *i. e.* "*statua,*" *the L. form.*

But (as you know me all) a plaine blunt man
That loue my Friend, and that they know full well,
That gaue me publike leaue to ſpeake of him:
For I haue neyther wit, nor[1] words, nor worth,
Action, nor Vtterance, nor the power of Speech,
To ſtirre mens Blood. I onely ſpeake right on:
I tell you that, which you your ſelues do know,
Shew you ſweet *Cæſars* wounds, poor poor dum mouths,
And bid them ſpeake for me: But were I *Brutus,*
And *Brutus Antony,* there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle vp your Spirits, and put a Tongue
In euery Wound of *Cæſar,* that ſhould moue
The ſtones of Rome, to riſe and Mutiny.

FROM MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Thunder. Enter the three Witches.

1. WHERE haſt thou beene, Siſter?
2. Killing Swine.
3. Siſter, where thou?
1. A Saylors Wife had Cheſtnuts in her Lappe,
And mouncht, and mouncht, and mouncht: Giue me, quoth I.[2]
Aroynt thee, Witch, the rumpe-fed Ronyon cryes.
Her Husband's to Aleppo gone, Maſter o'th' *Tiger:*
But in a Syue Ile thither ſayle,

[1] writ nor. [2] Giue me, quoth I *a separate line.*

but, æz iu kno: mi a:l, æ plæin blunt mæn,
ðæt luv mij frend; ænd ðæt ðæi kno: ful wel
ðæt gæ:v mi publik le:v tu spe:k ov him:
for ij hæv ne:der wit, nor wordz, nor wurθ,
æksĭon, nor ut(e)ræns, nor ðe puwr ov spe:tʃ,
tu stur menz blud: ij o:nli spe:k rijt on;
ij tel iu ðæt hwitʃ iu iurselvz du kno:;
ʃo: iu swi:t se:zærz wuwndz, pu:r pu:r dum
muwdz,
ænd bid ðem spe:k for mi:: but we(:)r ij briutus,
ænd briutus æntoni, ðer we(:)r æn æntoni
wu:ld ruf,l up iur spir(i)ts ænd put æ tuŋ
in ev(e)ri wuwnd ov se:zær ðæt ʃu:ld mu:v
ðe sto:nz ov ru:m tu rijz ænd miutini.

From Macbeth.

Act I. Scene iii.

[θunder. enter ðe θri: witʃez.]

first witʃ.] hwe:r hæst ðuw bi:n, sister?
sekond witʃ.] kiliŋ swijn.
θird witʃ.] sister, hwe:r ðuw?
first witʃ.] æ sæilorz wijf hæd tʃes(t)nuts in her læp
ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt, ænd muwntʃt:—"giv
mi:," kwoθ ij.
"æroint ði:, witʃ!" ðe rump-fed runĭon krijz.
her huzbændz tu ælepo: go:n, mæster oð tijger:
but in æ siv ijl ðeðer sæil,

And like a Rat without a tayle,
Ile doe, Ile doe, and Ile doe.
2. Ile giue thee a Winde.
1. Th'art kinde.
3. And I another.
1. I my ſelfe haue all the other,
And the very Ports they blow,
All the Quarters that they know,
I'th' Ship-mans Card.
I will[1] dreyne him drie as Hay:
Sleepe ſhall neyther Night nor Day
Hang vpon his Pent-houſe Lid:
He ſhall liue a man forbid:
Wearie Seu'nights, nine times nine,
Shall he dwindle, peake, and pine:
Though his Barke cannot be loſt,
Yet it ſhall be Tempeſt-toſt.
Looke what I haue.
2. Shew me, ſhew me.
1. Here I haue a Pilots Thumbe,
Wrackt, as homeward he did come. *Drum within.*
3. A Drumme, a Drumme:
Macbeth doth come.
All. The weyward Siſters, hand in hand,
Poſters of the Sea and Land,
Thus doe goe, about, about,
Thrice to thine, and thrice to mine,
And thrice againe, to make vp nine.
Peace, the Charme's wound vp.

* * *

[1] Ile.

ænd, lijk æ ræt widuwt æ tæil,
ijl du:, ijl du:, ænd ijl du:.
sekond witʃ.] ijl giv di æ wijnd.
first witʃ.] đært kijnd.
θird witʃ.] ænd ij ænuđer.
first witʃ.] ij mijself hæ:v a:l đe uđer,
ænd đe veri ports đæi blo:,
a:l đe kwærterz dæt dæi kno:
id ʃipmænz kærd.
ij wil dræin him drij æz hæi:
sli:p ʃæl ne:đer nijt nor dæi
hæŋ upon hiz pent-huws lid;
hi ʃæl liv æ mæn forbid:
we:ri sevnijts nijn tijmz nijn
ʃæl hi dwind,l, pe:k ænd pijn:
đou hiz bærk kænot bi lost,
jit it ʃæl bi tempest-tost.
lu:k hwæt ij hæ:v.
sekond witʃ.] ʃo: mi:, ʃo: mi:.
first witʃ.] he:r ij hæ:v æ pijlots θum,
wrekt æz ho:mwærd hi did kum. [drum widin.
θird witʃ.] æ drum, æ drum!
mækbeθ duθ kum.
a:l.] đe wæiwærd sisterz, hænd in hænd,
po:sterz ov đe se: ænd lænd,
đus du go: æbuwt, æbuwt:
θrijs tu đijn ænd θrijs tu mijn
ænd θrijs ægæin, tu mæ:k up nijn.
pe:s! đe tʃærmz wuwnd up.

* * *

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Macb. IF it were done, when 'tis done, then
'twer well,
It were done quickly: If th'Aſſaſſination
Could trammell vp the Conſequence, and catch
With his ſurceaſe, Succeſſe: that but this blow
Might be the be all, and the end all: Heere,[1]
But heere, vpon this Banke and Schoole of time,
Wee'ld iumpe the life to come. But in theſe Caſes,
We ſtill haue iudgement heere, that we but teach
Bloody Inſtructions, which being taught, returne
To plague th'Inuenter. This euen-handed Iuſtice
Commends th'Ingredience of our poyſon'd Challice
To our owne lips. Hee's heere in double truſt;
Firſt, as I am his Kinſman, and his Subiect,
Strong both againſt the Deed: Then, as his Hoſt,
Who ſhould againſt his Murtherer ſhut the doore,
Not beare the knife my ſelfe. Beſides, this *Duncane*
Hath borne his Faculties ſo meeke; hath bin
So cleere in his great Office, that his Vertues
Will pleade like Angels, Trumpet-tongu'd againſt
The deepe damnation of his taking off:
And Pitty, like a naked New-borne-Babe,
Striding the blaſt, or Heauens Cherubin, hors'd
Vpon the ſightleſſe Curriors of the Ayre,
Shall blow the horrid deed in euery eye,
That teares ſhall drowne the winde. I haue no Spurre
To pricke the ſides of my intent, but onely
Vaulting Ambition, which ore-leapes it ſelfe,
And falles on th'other. How now? What Newes?[2]

[1] end all. Heere,. [2] How now? What Newes? *a separate line.*

Act I. Scene vii.

mækbeθ.] if it we(:)r dun hwen tiz dun, đen
twe(:)r wel
it we(:)r dun kwikli: if đæsæsinæ:sĭon
ku:ld træm,l up đe konsekwens, ænd kætʃ
wid hiz surse:s sukses; đæt but đis blo:
mijt bi đe bi:-a:l ænd đe end-a:l: he:r,
but he:r, upon đis bæŋk ænd sku:l ov tijm,
wi:ld dʒump đe lijf tu kum. but in đe:z kæ:sez
wi stil hæv dʒudʒment he:r; đæt wi but te:tʃ
bludi instruksĭonz, hwitʃ, bi:iŋ ta:t, return
tu plæ:g đinventor: đis i:v,n-hænded dʒustis
komendz đingre:dĭens ov uwr poiz,nd tʃælis
tu uwr oun lips. hi:z he:r in dub,l trust;
first, æz ij æm hiz kinzmæn ænd hiz subdʒekt,
stroŋ bo:θ ægæinst đe di:d; đen, æz hiz ho:st,
hwu: ʃu:ld ægæinst hiz murđerer ʃut đe do:r,
not be:r đe knijf mijself. bisijdz, đis duŋkæn
hæθ born hiz fækultiz so mi:k, hæθ bi(:)n
so kle:r in hiz gre:t ofis, đæt hiz vertiuz
wil ple:d lijk ændʒelz, trumpet-tuŋd, ægæinst
đe di:p dæmnæ:sĭon ov hiz tæ:kiŋ-of;
ænd piti, lijk æ næ:ked niu-born bæ:b,
strijdiŋ đe blæst, or he(:)v,nz tʃeriubin, horst
upon đe sijtles kurĭorz[1] ov đe æir,
ʃæl blo: đe horid di:d in ev(e)ri ij,
đæt te:rz ʃæl druwn đe wijnd. ij hæ:v no spur
tu prik đe sijdz ov mij intent, but o:nli
va:ltiŋ æmbisĭon, hwitʃ o:rle:ps itself
ænd fa:lz on đuđer.—huw nuw! hwæt niuz?

[1] kurĭerz.

La. He has almoſt ſupt: why haue you left the chamber?

Mac. Hath he ask'd for me?

La. Know you not, he ha's?

Mac. We will proceed no further in this Buſineſſe:
He hath Honour'd me of late, and I haue bought
Golden Opinions from all ſorts of people,
Which would be worne now in their neweſt gloſſe,
Not caſt aſide ſo ſoone.

La. Was the hope drunke,
Wherein you dreſt your ſelfe? Hath it ſlept ſince?
And wakes it now to looke ſo greene, and pale,
At what it did ſo freely? From this time,
Such I account thy loue. Art thou affear'd
To be the ſame in thine owne Act, and Valour,
As thou art in deſire? Would'ſt thou haue that
Which thou eſteem'ſt the Ornament of Life,
And liue a Coward in thine owne Eſteeme?
Letting I dare not, wait vpon I would,
Like the poore Cat i'th'Addage.

Macb. Prythee peace:
I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do[1] more, is none.

* * *

ACT II. SCENE I.

IS this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:
I haue thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.

[1] no.

læ:di.] hi hæz[1] a:lmo:st supt: hwij hæv iu left
ðe tʃæmber?
mækbeθ]. hæθ hi æskt for mi:? 30
læ:di.] kno: iu not hi hæz?
mækbeθ.] wi wil prosi:d no furðer in ðis biznes:

hi hæθ[2] onord mi: ov læ:t, ænd ij hæv bout
gould,n opiniŏnz from a:l sorts ov pi:p,l,
hwitʃ wu:ld bi worn nuw in ðæir niuest glos,
not kæst æsijd so su:n. 35
læ:di.] wæz ðe ho:p druŋk
hwe:rin iu drest iurself? hæθ it slept sins?
ænd wæ:ks it nuw, tu lu:k so gri:n ænd pæ:l
æt hwæt it did so fri:li? from ðis tijm
sutʃ ij ækuwnt ðij luv. ært ðuw æfe:rd
tu bi ðe sæ:m in ðijn oun ækt ænd vælor 40
æz ðuw ært in dezijr? wu:ldst ðuw hæ:v ðæt
hwitʃ ðuw esti:mst ðe ornæment ov lijf,
ænd liv æ kuwærd in ðijn oun esti:m,
letiŋ "ij dæ:r not" wæit upon "ij wu:ld,"
lijk ðe pu:r kæt id ædæ(:)dz? 45
mækbeθ.] pridi:, pe:s:
ij dæ:r du: a:l ðæt mæi bikum æ mæn:
hwu: dæ:rz du: mo:r iz no:n.

* * *

Act II. Scene i.

iz ðis æ dæger hwitʃ ij si: bifo:r mi:,
ðe hænd,l to:rd mij hænd? kum, let mi klutʃ ði:.

ij hæ:v ði: not, ænd jit ij si: ði: stil. 35

[1] hi:z. [2] hi:θ.

Art thou not fatall Viſion, ſenſible
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but
A Dagger of the Minde, a falſe Creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine?
I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,
As this which now I draw.
Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going,
And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to vſe.
Mine Eyes are made the fooles o'th'other Sences
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:
It is the bloody Buſineſſe, which informes
Thus to mine Eyes . . . . . .

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Macb. . . . . . .
HOW do's your Patient, Doctor?
Doct. Not ſo ſicke my Lord,
As ſhe is troubled with thicke-comming Fancies
That keepe her from her reſt.
Macb. Cure her of[1] that:
Can'ſt thou not Miniſter to a minde diſeas'd,
Plucke from the Memory a rooted Sorrow,
Raze out the written troubles of the Braine,
And with ſome ſweet Obliuious Antidote
Cleanſe the ſtufft boſome, of that perillous ſtuffe
Which weighes vpon the heart?

---

[1] Cure of.

ært ðuw not, fæ:tæl vizĭon, sensib,l
tu fi:liŋ æz tu sijt? or ært ðuw but
æ dæger ov ðe mijnd, æ fa:ls kreæ:sĭon,
prosi:diŋ from ðe he:t-opresed bræin?
ij si: ði: jit, in form æz pælpæb,l
æz ðis hwitʃ nuw ij dra:.
ðuw mærʃælst mi ðe wæi ðæt ij wæz go:iŋ;
ænd sutʃ æn instriument ij wæz tu iuz.
mijn ijz ær mæ:d ðe fu:lz o ðuðer sensez,
or els wurθ a:l ðe rest; ij si: ði: stil,
ænd on ðij blæ:d ænd dudʒon ɡuwts ov blud,
hwitʃ wæz not so: bifo:r. ðerz no: sutʃ θiŋ:
it iz ðe bludi biznes hwitʃ informz
ðus tu mijn ijz . . . . . .

* * *

Act V. Scene iii.

mækbeθ.] . . . . . .
huw duz iur pæ:sĭent, doktor?
doktor.] not so sik, mij lord,
æz ʃi iz trub,ld wið θik-kumiŋ fænsiz,
ðæt ki:p her from her rest.
mækbeθ.] kiur her ov ðæt.
kænst ðuw not min(i)ster tu æ mijnd dize:zd,
pluk from ðe memori æ ru:ted soro:,
ræ:z uwt ðe writ,n trub,lz ov ðe bræin
ænd wið sum swi:t oblivĭus æntido:t
klens ðe stuft bu(:)zom ov ðæt per(i)lus stuf
hwitʃ wæiz upon ðe hært?

FROM HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE II.

OH that this too too ſolid Fleſh, would melt,
Thaw, and reſolue it ſelfe into a Dew:
Or that the Euerlaſting had not fixt
His Cannon 'gainſt Selfe-ſlaughter. O God, O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable
Seemes to me all the vſes of this world?
Fie on't! Oh fie,[1] 'tis an vnweeded Garden
That growes to Seed: Things rank, and groſſe in Nature
Poſſeſſe it meerely. That it ſhould come to this:
But two months dead: Nay, not ſo much; not two,
So excellent a King, that was to this
Hiperion to a Satyre: ſo louing to my Mother,
That he might not beteeme[2] the windes of heauen
Viſit her face too roughly. Heauen and Earth![3]
Muſt I remember: why ſhe would hang on him,
As if encreaſe of Appetite had growne
By what it fed on; and yet within a month?
Let me not thinke on't: Frailty, thy name is woman.
A little Month, or ere thoſe ſhooes were old,
With which ſhe followed my poore Fathers body
Like *Niobe,* all teares. Why ſhe, euen ſhe,
(O Heauen! A beaſt that wants diſcourſe of Reaſon
Would haue mourn'd longer) married with mine Vnkle,
My Fathers Brother: but no more like my Father,
Then I to *Hercules.* Within a Moneth?

[1] Fie on't? Oh fie, fie *F,* Fie on't, ah fie, Q_2. [2] beteene *F*, beteeme Q_2. [3] *No ſtop* Q_2F.

From Hamlet.

Act I. Scene ii.

o:, đæt đis tu: tu: solid fleʃ wu:ld melt,
θa: ænd rezolv itself intu æ deu!
or đæt đe everlæstiŋ hæd not fikst
hiz kænon gæinst self-sla:ter! o god! o god!
huw we:ri, stæ:l, flæt ænd unprofitæb,l
si:mz tu mi a:l đe iusez ov đis world!
fij ont! o: fij! tiz æn unwi:ded gærd,n
đæt grouz tu si:d; θiŋz ræŋk ænd gro:s in
næ:tiur
pozes it mi:rli. đæt it ʃu:ld kum tu đis!
but tu: munθs ded: næi, not so mutʃ, not tu::
so ekselent æ kiŋ: đæt wæz, tu đis,
hijpe:rĭon tu æ sæ:tir; so luviŋ tu mij muđer
đæt hi mijt not biti:m đe wijndz ov he(:)vn
vizit her fæ:s tu rufli. he(:)vn ænd e(:)rθ!
must ij remember? hwij, ʃi wu:ld hæŋ on him,
æz if inkre:s ov æpetijt hæd groun
bij hwæt it fed on: ænd jit, wiđin æ munθ—
let mi not θiŋk ont—fræilti, đij næ:m iz wumæn!—
æ lit,l munθ, or e:r đo:z ʃu:z wer ould
wiđ hwitʃ ʃi foloud mij pu:r fæđerz bodi,
lijk nijobe:, a:l te:rz:—hwij ʃi:, i:vn ʃi:—
o: he(:)vn! æ be:st, đæt wænts disku:rs ov re:z,n,
wu:ld hæv murnd loŋger—mærid wiđ mijn uŋk,l,

mij fæđerz bruđer, but no mo:r lijk mij fæđer
đen ij tu herkiule:z: wiđin æ munθ:

Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous Teares
Had left the fluſhing of her gauled eyes,
She married. . . . . .

* *
*

ACT I. SCENE III.

GIVE thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any vnproportion'd thought his Act:
Be thou familiar; but by no meanes vulgar:
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tride,
Grapple them to thy Soule, with hoopes of Steele:
But doe not dull thy palme, with entertainment
Of each new hatch't,[1] vnfledg'd Comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrell: but being in
Bear't that th'oppoſed may beware of thee.
Giue euery man thine eare; but few thy voyce:
Take each mans cenſure; but reſerue thy iudgement:
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy;
But not expreſt in fancie; rich, not gawdie:
For the Apparell oft proclaimes the man.
And they in France of the beſt ranck and ſtation,
Are moſt[2] ſelect and generous chief[3] in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For lone oft loſes both it ſelfe and friend:
And borrowing duls the edge of Husbandry.
This aboue all; to thine owne ſelfe be true:
And it muſt follow, as the Night the Day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.

* *
*

[1] vnhatch't *F*, new hatcht Q_2. [2] Are of a moſt. [3] cheff.

e:r jit ðe sa:lt ov mo:st unrijtĭus te:rz
hæd left ðe fluʃiŋ ov her ga:led ijz,
ʃi mærid. . . . . .

* *
*

Act I. Scene iii.

giv ðij θouts no: tuŋ,
nor æni unproporsĭond θout hiz ækt.
bi: ðuw fæmilĭær, but bij no: me:nz vulgær.
ðe frendz ðuw hæst, ænd ðæir ædopsĭon trijd,
graep,l dem tu ðij soul wið hu:ps ov sti:l;
but du: not dul ðij pa:m wið entertæinment
ov e:tʃ niu-hætʃt, unfledʒd komræ:d. biwæ:r
ov entræns tu æ kwærel, but bi:(i)ŋ in,
be:rt ðæt dopo:zed mæi biwæ:r ov ði:.
giv ev(e)ri mæn ðijn e:r, but feu ðij vois;
tæ:k e:tʃ mænz sensiur, but rezerv ðij dʒudʒment.
kostli ðij hæbit æz ðij purs kæn bij,
but not eksprest in fænsi; ritʃ, not ga:di;
for ðe æpærel oft proklæimz ðe mæn,
ænd ðæi in fræns ov ðe best ræŋk ænd stæ:sĭon
ær mo:st selekt ænd dʒen(e)rus, tʃi:f in ðæt.
ne:ðer æ borŏer, nor æ lender bi:;
for lo:n oft lu:zez bo:θ itself ænd frend,
ænd borŏiŋ dulz ðe edʒ ov huzbændri.
dis æbuv a:l: tu ðijn oun self bi: triu,
ænd it must folo:, æz ðe nijt ðe dæi,
ðuw kænst not ðen bi fa:ls tu æni mæn.

* *
*

ACT III. SCENE I.

TO be, or not to be, that is the Queſtion:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to ſuffer
The Slings and Arrowes of outragious Fortune,
Or to take Armes againſt a Sea of troubles,
And by oppoſing end them: to dye, to ſleepe,
No more; and by a ſleepe, to ſay we end
The Heart-ake, and the thouſand Naturall ſhockes
That Fleſh is heyre too? 'Tis a conſummation
Deuoutly to be wiſh'd. To dye, to ſleepe,
To ſleepe, perchance to Dreame; I, there's the rub,
For in that ſleepe of death, what dreames may come,
When we haue ſhuffel'd[1] off this mortall coile,
Muſt giue vs pawſe. There's the reſpect
That makes Calamity of ſo long life:
For who would beare the Whips and Scornes of time,
The Oppreſſors wrong, the proude[2] mans Contumely,
The pangs of diſpriz'd Loue, the Lawes delay,
The inſolence of Office, and the Spurnes
That patient merit of the vnworthy takes,
When he himſelfe might his *Quietus* make
With a bare Bodkin? Who would theſe Fardles beare
To grunt and ſweat vnder a weary life,
But that the dread of ſomething after death,
The vndiſcouered Countrey, from whoſe Borne
No Traueller returnes, Puzels the will,
And makes vs rather beare thoſe illes we haue,
Then flye to others that we know not of.
Thus Conſcience does make Cowards of vs all,
And thus the Natiue hew of Reſolution

[1] ſhufflel'd. [2] poore *F*, proude Q_2.

Act III. Scene i.

tu biː, or not tu biː: ðæt iz ðe kwestĭon:
hweðer tiz noːbler in ðe mijnd tu sufer
ðe sliŋz ænd ærouz ov uwtræːdʒĭus fortiun,
or tu tæːk ærmz ægæinst æ seː ov trub,lz,
ænd bij opoːziŋ end ðem. tu dij: tu sliːp;
no moːr; ænd bij æ sliːp tu sæi wi end
ðe hært-æːk ænd ðe θuwzænd nætiuræl ʃoks
ðæt fleʃ iz hæir tuː, tiz æ konsumæːsĭon
devuwtli tu bi wiʃt. tu dij, tu sliːp;
tu sliːp: pertʃæns tu dreːm: ij, ðeːrz ðe rub;
for in ðæt sliːp ov deː)θ hwæt dreːmz mæi kum
hwen wi hæv ʃuf,ld of ðis mortæl koil,
must giv us paːz: ðeː)rz ðe respekt
ðæt mæːks kælæmiti ov so loŋ lijf;
for hwuː wuːld beːr ðe hwips ænd skornz ov tijm,
ðopresorz wroŋ, ðe pruwd mænz kontium(e)li,
ðe pæŋz ov disprijzd luv, ðe laːz delæi,
ðe insolens ov ofis ænd ðe spurnz
ðæt pæːsĭent merit ov ð(e) unwurði tæːks,
hwen hi himself mijt hiz kwijeːtus mæːk
wid æ bæːr bodkin? hwuː wuːld ðeːz færd,lz beːr,

tu grunt ænd swe(ː)t under æ weːri lijf,
but ðæt ðe dre(ː)d ov sumθiŋ æfter de(ː)θ,
ðe undiskuverd kuntri from hwuːz born
no træveler returnz, puz,lz ðe wil
ænd mæːks us ræðer beːr ðoːz ilz wi hæːv
ðen flij tu uderz ðæt wi knoː not ov?
ðus konsĭens duz mæːk kuwærdz ov us aːl;
ænd ðus ðe næːtiv hiu ov rezoliusĭon

Is ſicklied o're, with the pale caſt of Thought,
And enterprizes of great pith and moment,
With this regard their Currants turne away,
And looſe the name of Action. . . . . .

* * *

ACT III. SCENE II.

Ham. SPEAKE the Speech I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you trippingly on the Tongue: But if you mouth it, as many of your Players do, I had as liue the Town-Cryer had ſpoke my Lines: Nor do not ſaw the Ayre too much with[1] your hand thus, but vſe all gently: for in the verie Torrent, Tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) the Whirle-winde of Paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a Temperance that may giue it Smoothneſſe. O it offends mee to the Soule, to ſee a robuſtious Pery-wig-pated Fellow, teare a Paſſion to tatters, to verie ragges, to ſplit the eares of the Groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capeable of nothing, but inexplicable dumbe ſhewes, and noiſe: I could haue ſuch a Fellow whipt for o're-doing Termagant: it out-*Herod's Herod.* Pray you auoid it.

Player. I warrant your Honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neyther: but let your owne Diſcretion be your Tutor. Sute the Action to the Word, the Word to the Action, with this ſpeciall obſeruance: That you ore-ſtep[2] not the modeſtie of Nature; for any thing ſo ouer-done, is from the purpoſe of Playing, whoſe end both at

[1] with *om. F,* with *Qq.* [2] ore-ſtop *F,* ore-ſteppe Q_2.

iz siklid o:r wiđ đe pæ:l kæst ov θout, 85
ænd enterprijzez ov gre:t piθ ænd mo:ment
wiđ đis regærd đæir kurænts turn æwæi,
ænd lu:z đe næ:m ov æksĭon. . . . . .

* * *

Act III. Scene ii.

hæmlet.] spe:k đe spi:tʃ, ij præi iu, æz ij pronuwnst it tu iu, tripiŋli on đe tuŋ: but if iu muwđ it, æz mæni ov iur plæierz du:, ij hæd æz liv đe tuwn-krijer hæd spo:k mij lijnz. nor du: not sa: đe æir tu: mutʃ wiđ iur hænd, đus, 5 but iuz a:l dʒentli; for in đe veri torent, tempest, ænd æz ij mæi sæi, đe hwirl-wijnd ov pæsĭon, iu must ækwijr ænd biget æ temperæns đæt mæi giv it smu:đnes. o:, it ofendz mi tu đe soul tu si: æ robustĭus periwig-pæ:ted felo: 10 te:r æ pæsĭon tu tæterz, tu veri rægz, tu split đe e:rz ov đe gruwndliŋz, hwu: for đe mo:st pært ær kæ:pæb,l ov nuθiŋ but ineksplikæb,l dumʃouz ænd noiz: ij ku:ld hæ:v sutʃ æ felo: hwipt for o:rdu:iŋ termægænt; it uwt-herodz herod: præi iu, ævoid it.

plæier.] ij wæræ̈nt iur onor.

hæmlet.] bi: not tu: tæ:m ne:đer, but let iur oun diskresĭon bi: iur tiutor: siut đe æksĭon 20 tu đe word, đe word tu đe æksĭon; wiđ đis spesĭæl observæns, đæt iu o:rstep not đe modesti ov næ:tiur: for æni θiŋ so: overdun iz from đe purpo:s ov plæiiŋ, hwu:z end, bo:θ æt

the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twer the Mirrour vp to Nature; to ſhew Vertue her owne Feature, Scorne her owne Image, and the verie Age and Bodie of the Time, his forme and preſſure. Now, this ouer-done, or come tardie off, though it make the vnskilfull laugh, cannot but make the Iudicious greeue; The cenſure of the which One, muſt in your allowance o're-way a whole Theater of Others. Oh, there bee Players that I haue ſeene Play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeake it prophanely) that neyther hauing the accent of Chriſtians, nor the gate of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor man,[1] haue ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I haue thought ſome of Natures Iouerney-men had made men, and not made them well, they imitated Humanity ſo abhominably.

Play. I hope we haue reform'd that indifferently with vs, Sir.

Ham. O reforme it altogether. And let thoſe that play your Clownes, ſpeake no more then is ſet downe for them. For there be of them, that will themſelues laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren Spectators to laugh too, though in the meane time, ſome neceſſary Queſtion of the Play be then to be conſidered: that's Villanous, and ſhewes a moſt pittifull Ambition in the Foole that vſes it. Go make you readie.

* * *

[1] or Norman *F*, nor man Q_2.

ðe first ænd nuw, wæz ænd iz, tu ho:ld, æz twe(:)r, ðe miror up tu næ:tiur; tu ʃo: vertiu her oun fe:tiur, skorn her oun imædʒ, ænd ðe veri æ:dʒ ænd bodi ov ðe tijm hiz form ænd presiur. nuw ðis overdun, or kum tærdi of, ðou it mæ:k ðe unskilful læf, kænot but mæ:k ðe dʒiudisĭus gri:v; ðe sensiur ov ðe hwitʃ o:n must in iur æluwæns o:rwæi æ ho:l θe:æter ov uðerz. o:, ðer bi plæierz ðæt ij hæv si:n plæi, ænd hærd uðerz præiz, ænd ðæt hijli, not tu spe:k it profæ:nli, ðæt, ne:ðer hæ:viŋ ðe æksent ov kristĭænz nor ðe gæ:t ov kristĭæn, pæ:gæn, nor mæn, hæv so: struted ænd beloud ðæt ij hæv θout sum ov næ:tiurz dʒurnimen hæd mæ:d men ænd not mæ:d ðem wel, ðæi imitæ:ted hiumæniti so: æbominæbli.

plæier.] ij ho:p wi hæv reformd ðæt indiferentli wid us, sir.

hæmlet.] o:, reform it a:ltugeðer. ænd let ðo:z ðæt plæi iur kluwnz spe:k no: mo:r ðen iz set duwn for ðem; for ðer bi: ov ðem ðæt wil ðemselvz læf, tu set on sum kwæntiti ov bæren spektæ:torz tu læf tu:; ðou in ðe me:n tijm, sum nesesæri kwestĭon ov ðe plæi bi: ðen tu bi konsiderd: ðæts vilænus, ænd ʃouz æ mo:st pitiful æmbisĭon in ðe fu:l ðæt iuzez it. go:, mæ:k iu re(:)di.

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE V.

HOW ſhould I your true loue know
From another one?
By his Cockle hat and ſtaffe,
And his Sandal ſhoone.[1]

He is dead and gone Lady,
He is dead and gone,
At his head a graſſe-greene Turfe,
At his heeles a ſtone.[2]

White his Shrow'd as the Mountaine Snow,
Larded with ſweet flowers:
Which bewept to the graue did go,[3]
With true-loue ſhowres.

FROM KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

BLOW windes, and crack your cheeks; Rage, blow
You Cataracts, and Hyrricano's ſpout,
Till you haue drench'd our Steeples, drown'd[4] the Cockes.
You Sulph'rous and Thought-executing Fires,
Vaunt-curriors of Oake-cleauing Thunder-bolts,
Sindge my white head. And thou all ſhaking Thunder,
Strike flat the thicke Rotundity o'th'world,
Cracke Natures moulds, all germaines ſpill at once
That makes ingratefull Man.

. . . . . .

[1] *Ll.* 23 *to* 26 *two lines.* [2] *Ll.* 29 *to* 32 *two lines.*
[3] did not go *QqF.* [4] drown *F,* drown'd *Q.*

Act IV. Scene v.

huw ʃu:ld ij iur triu-luv kno:
from ænuđer o:n?
bij hiz kok,l hæt ænd stæf,
ænd hiz sændæl ʃu:n.

hi iz ded ænd go:n, læ:di,
hi iz ded ænd go:n;
æt hiz hed æ græs-gri:n turf,
æt hiz hi:lz æ sto:n.

hwijt hiz ʃruwd æz đe muwntæin sno:,
lærded wiđ swi:t fluwrz;
hwitʃ biwept tu đ(e) græ:v did go:
wiđ triu-luv ʃuwrz.

From King Lear.

Act III. Scene ii.

blo:, wijndz, ænd kræk iur tʃi:ks! ræ:dʒ! blo:!
iu kætærækts ænd hurikæ:no:z, spuwt
til iu hæv drentʃt uwr sti:p,lz, druwnd đe koks!

iu sulfrus ænd θout-eksekiutiŋ fijrz,
va:nt-kuřorz ov o:k-kle:viŋ θunder-boults,
sindʒ mij hwijt hed! ænd đuw, a:l-ʃæ:kiŋ θunder,
strijk flæt đe θik rotunditi ođ world!
kræk næ:tiurz mouldz, a:l dʒermæinz spil æt o:ns,
đæt mæ:ks ingræ:tful mæn.

. . . . . .

Rumble thy belly full: ſpit Fire, ſpowt Raine:
Nor Raine, Winde, Thunder, Fire are my Daughters;
I taxe not you, you Elements with vnkindneſſe.
I neuer gaue you Kingdome, call'd you Children;
You owe me no ſubſcription. Then let fall
Your horrible pleaſure. Heere I ſtand your Slaue,
A poore, infirme, weake, and diſpis'd old man:
But yet I call you Seruile Miniſters,
That will with two pernicious Daughters ioyne
Your high-engender'd Battailes, 'gainſt a head
So old, and white as this. . . . . .

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

HOW fearefull
And dizie 'tis, to caſt ones eyes ſo low,
The Crowes and Choughes, that wing the midway ayre
Shew ſcarſe ſo groſſe as Beetles. Halfe way downe
Hangs one that gathers Sampire: dreadfull Trade:
Me thinkes he ſeemes no bigger then his head.
The Fiſhermen, that walke[1] vpon the beach
Appeare like Mice: and yond tall Anchoring Barke,
Diminiſh'd to her Cocke: her Cocke, a Buoy
Almoſt too ſmall for ſight. The murmuring Surge,
That on th'vnnumbred idle Pebble chafes
Cannot be heard ſo high. Ile looke no more,
Leaſt my braine turne, and the deficient ſight
Topple downe headlong.

* * *

[1] walk'd *F*, walke *Q*.

rumb,l ðij beliful! spit, fijr! spuwt, ræin!
nor ræin, wijnd, θunder, fij,r, ær mij da:terz:
ij tæks not iu, iu el(e)ments, wid unkijndnes;
ij never gæ:v iu kiŋdum, ka:ld iu tʃildren,
iu o: mi no: subskripsĭon: ðen let fa:l
iur hor(i)bl ple(:)ziur; he:r ij stænd, iur slæ:v,
æ pu:r, infirm, we:k, ænd dispijzd ould mæn:
but jit ij ka:l iu servil ministerz,
ðæt wil wið tu: pernisĭus da:terz dʒoin
iur hij indʒenderd b.ɛt,lz gæinst æ hed
so ould ænd hwijt æz ðis.

* * *

Act IV. Scene vi.

huw fe:rful
ænd dizi tiz, tu kæst o:nz ijz so lo:!
ðe krouz ænd tʃufs ðæt wiŋ ðe midwæi æir
ʃo: skærs so gro:s æz bi:t,lz: ha:f wæi duwn
hæŋz o:n ðæt gæderz sæmpijr, dre(:)dful træ:d!
mi θiŋks hi si:mz no biger ðen hiz hed:
ðe fiʃermen, ðæt wa:k upon ðe be:tʃ,
æpe:r lijk mijs; ænd jond ta:l æŋk(o)riŋ bærk,
diminiʃt tu her kok; her kok, æ bwoi
a:lmo:st tu: sma:l for sijt: ðe murm(u)riŋ surdʒ,
ðæt on ðunnumbred ijd,l peb,l tʃæ:fs,
kænot bi hærd so hij. ijl lu:k no mo:r;
le(:)st mij bræin turn, ænd ðe defisĭent sijt
top,l duwn hedloŋ.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE III.

Lear. HOWLE, howle, howle, howle:[1] O you[2] are men of ſtones,
Had I your tongues and eyes, Il'd vſe them ſo,
That Heauens vault ſhould crack: ſhe's gone for euer.
I know when one is dead, and when one liues,
She's dead as earth: Lend me a Looking-glaſſe,
If that her breath will miſt or ſtaine the ſtone,
Why then ſhe liues.
Kent. Is this the promis'd end?
Edg. Or image of that horror?[3]
Alb. Fall and ceaſe.
Lear. This feather ſtirs, ſhe liues: if it be ſo,
It is a chance which do's redeeme all ſorrowes
That euer I haue felt.
Kent. O my good Maſter.
Lear. Prythee away.
Edg. 'Tis Noble *Kent* your Friend.
Lear. A plague vpon you Murderors, Traitors all,
I might haue ſau'd her, now ſhe's gone for euer:
Cordelia, Cordelia, ſtay a little. Ha:
What is't thou ſaiſt? Her voice was euer ſoft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman.

. . . . . .

Lear. And my poore Foole is hang'd: no, no, no life?
Why ſhould a Dog, a Horſe, a Rat haue life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer, neuer.
Pray you vndo this Button. Thanke you Sir,

[1] *The fourth* howle *in Q only.* [2] your. [3] *Full stop.*

Act V. Scene III.

le:r.] huwl, huwl, huwl, huwl! o:, iu ær
men ov sto:nz:
hæd ij iur tuŋz ænd ijz, ijld iuz ðem so:
ðæt he(:)v,nz va:lt ʃu:ld kræk. ʃi:z go:n for ever!
ij kno: hwen o:n iz ded, ænd hwen o:n livz;
ʃi:z ded æz e(:)rθ. lend mi æ lu:kiŋ-glæs;
if ðæt her bre(:)θ wil mist or stæin ðe sto:n,
hwij, ðen ʃi livz.
kent.] iz dis ðe promist end?
edgær.] or imædʒ ov ðæt horor?
æ:lbæni.] fa:l, ænd se:s!
le:r.] ðis feðer sturz; ʃi livz! if it bi: so:,
it iz æ tʃæns hwitʃ duz redi:m a:l sorouz
ðæt ever ij hæv felt.
kent.] o: mij gud mæster!
le:r.] priði:, æwæi.
edgær.] tiz no:b,l kent, iur frend.
le:r.] æ plæ:g upon iu murd(e)rerz, træitorz a:l!
ij mijt hæv sæ:vd her; nuw ʃi:z go:n for ever!
korde:lĭæ, korde:lĭæ, stæi æ lit,l. hæ:!
hwæt ist ðuw sæist? her vois wæz ever soft,
dʒent,l, ænd lo:, æn eks(e)lent θiŋ in wumæn.
. . . . . .
le:r.] ænd mij pu:r fu:l iz hæŋd! no:, no:,
no: lijf!
hwij ʃu:ld æ dog, æ hors, æ ræt hæv lijf,
ænd ðuw no bre(:)θ æt a:l? ðuwlt kum no mo:r,
never, never, never, never, never!
præi iu, undu: ðis but,n: θæŋk iu, sir.

Do you ſee this? Looke on her![1] Looke her lips,
Looke there, looke there.
Edg. He faints, my Lord, my Lord.
Kent. Breake heart, I prythee breake.
Edg. Looke vp my Lord.
Kent. Vex not his ghoſt, O let him paſſe, he hates him,
That would vpon the wracke of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

FROM OTHELLO.

ACT I. SCENE III.

HER Father lou'd me, oft inuited me:
Still queſtion'd me the Storie of my life,
From yeare to yeare: the Battailes,[2] Sieges, Fortunes,[3]
That I haue paſt.
I ran it through, euen from my boyiſh daies,
Toth' very moment that he bad me tell it.
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances:
Of mouing Accidents by Flood and Field,
Of haire-breadth ſcapes i'th'imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the Inſolent Foe,
And ſold to ſlauery. Of my redemption thence,
And portance in my Trauellours hiſtorie.
Wherein of Antars vaſt, and Deſarts idle,
Rough Quarries, Rocks, and[4] Hills, whoſe heads[5] touch heauen,
It was my hint to ſpeake. Such was my Proceſſe,

[1] her? [2] Battaile. *(This and most other corrections from Q.)* [3] Fortune. [4] and *om.* [5] head.

du iu si: dis? lu:k on her, lu:k, her lips,
lu:k đe:r, lu:k đe:r!
edgær.] hi fæints! mij lord, mij lord!
kent.] bre:k, hært; ij pridi:, bre:k!
edgær.] lu:k up, mij lord.
kent.] veks not hiz go:st: o:, let him pæs!
hi: hæ:ts him
đæt wu:ld upon đe wræk ov đis tuf world
stretʃ him uwt loŋger.

From Otiiello.

Act I. Scene iii.

her fæđer luvd mi:; oft invijted mi:;
stil kwestĭond mi: đe sto:ri ov mij lijf,
from je:r tu je:r, đe bæt,lz, si:dʒez, fortiunz,
đæt ij hæv pæst.
ij ræn it θru:, i:vn from mij boiiʃ dæiz,
tud veri mo:ment đæt hi bæd mi tel it;
hwe:rin ij spo:k ov mo:st dizæstrus tʃænsez,
ov mu:viŋ æksidents bij flud ænd fi:ld,
ov hæir-bredθ skæ:ps id im(i)nent dedli bre:tʃ,
ov bi:iŋ tæ:k,n bij đe ins(o)lent fo:
ænd sould tu slæ:v(e)ri, ov mij redempsĭon đens
ænd portæns in mij træv(e)lerz histori:
hwe:rin ov ænterz væst ænd dezærts ijd,l,
ruf kwæriz, roks ænd hilz hwu:z hedz tutʃ he(:)v,n,

it wæz mij hint tu spe:k,—sutʃ wæz mij pro:ses;

And of the Canibals that each others eate,
The *Anthropophagi*,[1] and men whoſe heads
Do grow[2] beneath their ſhoulders. Theſe things to heare,
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline:
But ſtill the houſe Affaires would draw her thence:[3]
Which euer as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'ld[4] come againe, and with a greedie eare
Deuoure vp my diſcourſe. Which I obſeruing,
Tooke once a pliant houre, and found good meanes
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my Pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not intentiuely:[5] I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her teares,
When I did ſpeake of ſome diſtreſſefull ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd: My Storie being done,
She gaue me for my paines a world of sighes:[6]
She ſwore in faith 'twas ſtrange: 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
'Twas pittifull: 'twas wondrous pittifull.
She wiſh'd ſhe had not heard it, yet ſhe wiſh'd
That Heauen had made her ſuch a man. She thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a Friend that lou'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my Story,
And that would wooe her. Vpon this hint I ſpake,
She lou'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lou'd her, that ſhe did pitty them.
This onely is the witch-craft I haue vs'd.

* * *

[1] *Antropophague.* [2] Grew. [3] hence. [4] She'l'd. [5] inſtinctiuely. [6] kiſſes.

ænd ov ðe kænibælz ðæt e:tʃ uderz e:t,
ðe ænθropofædʒij, ænd men hwu:z hedz
du gro: bine:ð[1] ðæir ʃoulderz. ðe:z θiŋz tu he:r

wu:ld dezdemo:næ se:rĭusli inklijn:
but stil ðe huws æfæirz wu:ld dra: her ðens:
hwitʃ ever æz ʃi ku:ld wið hæ:st dispætʃ,
ʃi:ld kum ægæin, ænd wið æ gre:di e:r
devuwr up mij disku:rs: hwitʃ ij obzerviŋ,
tu:k o:ns æ plijænt uwr, ænd fuwnd gud me:nz
tu dra: from her æ præir ov ernest hært
ðæt ij wu:ld a:l mij pilgrimædʒ dilæ:t,
hwe:rov bij pærs,lz ʃi hæd sumθiŋ hærd,
but not intentivli. ij did konsent,
ænd oft,n did bigijl her ov her te:rz,
hwen ij did spe:k ov sum distresful stro:k
ðæt mij jiuθ suferd. mij sto:ri bi:iŋ dun,
ʃi gæ:v mi for mij pæinz æ world ov sijz:
ʃi swo:r, in fæiθ, twæz strændʒ, twæz pæsiŋ strændʒ,
twæz pitiful, twæz wundrus pitiful:
ʃi wiʃt ʃi hæd not hærd it, jit ʃi wiʃt
ðæt he(:)vn hæd mæ:d her sutʃ æ mæn: ʃi θæŋkt
mi:,
ænd bæd mi:, if ij hæd æ frend ðæt luvd her,
ij ʃu:ld but te:tʃ him huw tu tel mij sto:ri,
ænd ðæt wu:ld wu: her. upon ðis hint ij spæ:k:
ʃi luvd mi: for ðe dændʒerz ij hæd pæst,
ænd ij luvd her ðæt ʃi did piti ðem.
ðis o:nli iz ðe witʃ-kræft ij hæv iuzd.

* * *

[1] *Or* bine:θ.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

ALAS *Iago,*
What ſhall I do to win my Lord againe?
Good Friend, go to him: for by this light of Heauen,
I know not how I loſt him. Heere I kneele:
If ere my will did treſpaſſe 'gainſt his Loue,
Either in diſcourſe of thought, or actuall deed,
Or that mine Eyes, mine Eares, or any Sence
Delighted them in any[1] other Forme,
Or that I do not yet, and euer did,
And euer will, (though he do ſhake me off
To beggerly diuorcement) Loue him deerely,
Comfort forſweare me. Vnkindneſſe may do much,
And his vnkindneſſe may defeat my life,
But neuer taynt my Loue. . . . . .

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

I PRAY you in your Letters,
When you ſhall theſe vnluckie deeds relate,
Speake of me, as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor ſet downe ought in malice. Then muſt you ſpeake,[2]
Of one that lou'd not wiſely, but too well:
Of one, not eaſily Iealious, but being wrought,
Perplexed in the extreame: Of one, whoſe hand
(Like the baſe Indean threw a Pearle away
Richer then all his Tribe: Of one, whoſe ſubdu'd Eyes,
Albeit vn-vſed to the melting moode,

[1] them: or any. [2] Then . . . ſpeake, *a new line.*

Act IV. Scene ii.

ælæs, iæ:go:,
hwæt ʃæl ij du: tu win mij lord ægæin?
gud frend, go: tu him; for, bij đis lijt ov he(:)vn,
ij kno: not huw ij lost him. he:r ij kni:l:
if e:r mij wil did trespæs gæinst hiz luv,
e:đ(e)r[1] in disku:rs ov θout or æktĭŭæl di:d,
or đæt mijn ijz, mijn e:rz, or æni sens,
delijted đem in æni uđer form;
or đæt ij du: not jit, ænd ever did,
ænd ever wil—đou hi du ʃæ:k mi of
tu begerli divorsment—luv him de:rli,
kumfort forswe:r mi:! unkijndnes mæi du: mutʃ;
ænd hiz unkijndnes mæi defe:t mij lijf,
but never tæint mij luv. . . . . .

* * *

Act V. Scene ii.

ij præi iu, in iur leterz,
hwen iu ʃæl đe:z unluki di:dz relæ:t,
spe:k ov mi: æz ij æm; noθiŋ ekstenĭŭæ:t,
nor set duwn out in mælis: đen must iu spe:k

ov o:n đæt luvd not wijzli but tu: wel;
ov o:n not e:z(i)li dʒelĭus, but bi:iŋ wrout
perplekst in đe ekstre:m; ov o:n hwu:z hænd,
lijk đe bæ:s indĭæn, θriu æ perl æwæi
ritʃer đen a:l hiz trijb; ov o:n hwu:z subdiud ijz,

a:lbi:(i)t uniuzed tu đe meltiŋ mu:d,

[1] *Hardly* e:r.

Drops teares as faſt as the Arabian Trees
Their Medicinable gumme. . . . . .
. . . . . .
I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee: No way but this,
Killing my ſelfe, to dye vpon a kiſſe.

FROM ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT II. SCENE II.

THE Barge ſhe ſat in, like a burniſht Throne
Burnt on the water: the Poope was beaten Gold,
Purple the Sailes: and ſo perfumed that
The Windes were Loue-ſicke with them. The Owers were Siluer,[1]
Which to the tune of Flutes kept ſtroke, and made
The water which they beate, to follow faſter;
As amorous of their ſtrokes. For her owne perſon
It beggerd all diſcription, ſhe did lye
In her Pauillion, cloth of Gold, of Tiſſue,
O're-picturing that Venus,[2] where we ſee
The fancie out-worke Nature. On each ſide her,
Stood pretty Dimpled Boyes, like ſmiling Cupids,
With diuers coulour'd Fannes whoſe winde did ſeeme,
To glow[3] the delicate cheekes which they did coole,
And what they vndid did.
. . . . . .
Her Gentlewomen,[4] like the Nereides,
So many Mer-maides tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adornings. At the Helme,

[1] Loue-ſicke. With them the Owers were Siluer (With *beginning a new line*). [2] Venns. [3] gloue. [4] Gentlewoman.

drops te:rz æz fæst æz ðe æræ:bĭæn tri:z
ðæir med(i)sinæb,l gum.

. . . . . .

ij kist ði: e:r ij kild ði:: no: wæi but ðis;
kiliŋ mijself, tu dij upon æ kis.

From Antony and Cleopatra.

Act II. Scene ii.

ðe bærdʒ ʃi sæt in, lijk æ burniʃt θro:n,
burnt on ðe wæter: ðe pu:p wæz be:t,n gould;
purp,l ðe sæilz, ænd so: perfiumed ðæt
ðe wijndz wer luv-sik wið ðem; ð(e) o:rz wer silver,

hwitʃ tu ðe tiun ov fliuts kept stro:k, ænd mæ:d
ðe wæter hwitʃ ðæi be:t tu folo: fæster,
æz æm(o)rus ov ðæir stro:ks. for her oun person,
it begerd a:l deskripsĭon: ʃi did lij
in her pævilĭon—kloθ ov gould ov tisiu—
o:r-piktiuriŋ ðæt ve:nus hwe:r wi si:
ðe fænsi uwtwurk næ:tiur: on e:tʃ sijd her
stu(:)d priti dimp,ld boiz, lijk smijliŋ kiupidz,
wið dijvers-kulord fænz, hwu:z wijnd did si:m
tu glou ðe del(i)kæ(:)t tʃi:ks hwitʃ ðæi did ku:l,
ænd hwæt ðæi undid did.

. . . . . .

her dʒent,lwi(:)men, lijk ðe nereidz,
so mæni mermæidz, tended her iđ ijz,
ænd mæ:d ðæir bendz ædorniŋz: æt ðe helm

A ſeeming Mer-maide ſteeres: The Silken Tackle,
Swell with the touches of thoſe Flower-ſoft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the Barge
A ſtrange inuiſible perfume hits the ſenſe
Of the adiacent Wharfes. The Citty caſt
Her people out vpon her: and *Anthony*
Enthron'd i'th'Market-place, did ſit alone,
Whiſſling to th'ayre:[1] which but for vacancie,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopater* too,
And made a gap in Nature.

* * *

ACT V. SCENE II.

GIVE me my Robe, put on my Crowne, I haue
Immortall longings in me. Now no more
The iuyce of Egypts Grape ſhall moyſt this lip.
Yare, yare, good *Iras;* quicke: Me thinkes I heare
Anthony call: I ſee him rowſe himſelfe
To praiſe my Noble Act. I heare him mock
The lucke of *Cæſar*, which the Gods giue men
To excuſe their after wrath. Husband, I come:
Now to that name, my Courage proue my Title.
I am Fire, and Ayre; my other Elements
I giue to baſer life. So, haue you done?
Come then, and take the laſt warmth of my Lippes.
Farewell kinde *Charmian, Iras,* long farewell.

---

[1] to'th'ayre.

æ si:miŋ mermæid sti:rz: ðe silk,n tæk,l
swel wið ðe tutʃez ov do:z fluwr-soft hændz,
ðæt jæ:rli fræ:m ðe ofis. from ðe bærdʒ
æ strændʒ inviz(i)b,l perfium hits ðe sens
ov ðe ædʒæ:sent hwærfs. ðe siti kæst
her pi:p,l uwt upon her; ænd æntoni,
inθro:nd id mærket plæ:s, did sit æslo:n,
hwis(t)liŋ tu ðæir; hwitʃ but for væ:kænsi,
hæd go:n tu gæ:z on kle:opæ:ter tu:
ænd mæ:d æ gæp in næ:tiur.

* * *

Act V. Scene II.

giv mi mij ro:b, put on mij kruwn; ij hæ:v
imortæl loŋgiŋz in mi:: nuw no mo:r
ðe dʒius ov e:dʒipts græ:p ʃæl moist ðis lip:
jæ:r, jæ:r, gud ijræs; kwik. miθiŋks ij he:r
æntoni ka:l; ij si: him ruwz himself
tu præiz mij no:b,l ækt; ij he:r him mok
ðe luk ov se:zær, hwitʃ ðe godz giv men
t(u) ekskiuz ðæir æfter wræθ: huzbænd, ij kum:
nuw tu ðæt ne:m mij kuredʒ pru:v mij tijt,l!
ij (æ)m fijr ænd æir; mij uder elements
ij giv tu bæ:ser lijf. so:; hæv iu dun?
kum ðen, ænd tæ:k ðe læst wærmθ ov mij lips.
fæ:rwel, kijnd tʃærmĭæn; ijræs, loŋ fæ:rwel.

FROM CYMBELINE.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Song.

HEARKE, hearke, the Larke at Heauens gate ſings,
And Phœbus gins ariſe,
His Steeds to water at thoſe Springs
On chalic'd Flowres that lyes:
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their Golden eyes
With euery thing that pretty is,
My Lady ſweet ariſe:[1]
Ariſe, ariſe.

* * *

ACT III. SCENE IV.

COME Fellow, be thou honeſt,
Do thou thy Maſters bidding. When thou ſeeſt him,
A little witneſſe my obedience. Looke
I draw the Sword my ſelfe, take it, and hit
The innocent Manſion of my Loue (my Heart:)
Feare not, 'tis empty of all things, but Greefe:
Thy Maſter is not there, who was indeede
The riches of it. Do his bidding, ſtrike,
Thou mayſt be valiant in a better cauſe;
But now thou ſeem'ſt a Coward.

. . . . . .

Why, I muſt dye:
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No Seruant of thy Maſters. Againſt Selfe-ſlaughter,
There is a prohibition ſo Diuine,
That crauens my weake hand: Come, heere's my heart:

[1] *Ll.* 26 *to* 29 *printed as two lines.*

From Cymbeline.

Act II. Scene iii.

[soŋ.]

hærk, hærk! ðe lærk æt he(:)vnz gæ:t siŋz,
ænd fe:bus ginz ærijz,
hiz sti:dz tu wæter æt ðo:z spriŋz
on tʃælist fluwrz ðæt lijz;
ænd wiŋkiŋ mæ:ri-budz bigin
tu o:p ðæir gould,n ijz:
wið ev(e)ri θiŋ ðæt priti iz,
mij læ:di swi:t, ærijz:
ærijz, ærijz.

* * *

Act III. Scene iv.

kum, felo:, bi: ðuw onest:
du: ðuw ðij mæsterz bidiŋ: hwen ðuw si:st him,
æ lit,l witnes mij obe:dĭens: lu:k!
ij dra: ðe sword mijself: tæ:k it, ænd hit
ðe in(o)sent mænsĭon ov mij luv, mij hært:
fe:r not; tiz empti ov a:l θiŋz but gri:f:
ðij mæster iz not ðe:r, hwu: wæz indi:d
ðe ritʃez ov it: du: hiz bidiŋ; strijk
ðuw mæist bi vælĭænt in æ beter ka:z;
but nuw duw si:mst æ kuwærd.

. . . . . .

hwij, ij must dij;
ænd if ij du: not bij ðij hænd, ðuw ært
no: servænt ov ðij mæsterz. ægæinst self-sla:ter
ðer iz æ prohibisĭon so: divijn
ðæt kræ:v,nz mij we:k hænd. kum, he:rz mij hært.

Something's a-for't:[1] Soft, ſoft, wee'l no defence,
Obedient as the Scabbard. What is heere,
The Scriptures of the Loyall *Leonatus,*
All turn'd to Hereſie? Away, away,
Corrupters of my Faith, you ſhall no more
Be Stomachers to my heart: thus may poore Fooles
Beleeue falſe Teachers: Though thoſe that are betraid
Do feele the Treaſon ſharpely, yet the Traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe. . . . . .

* * *

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Song.

Guid. Feare no more the heate o'th'Sun,
Nor the furious Winters rages,
Thou thy worldly task haſt don,
Home art gon, and tane thy wages.
Golden Lads, and Girles all muſt,
As Chimney-Sweepers come to duſt.

Arui. Feare no more the frowne o'th'Great,
Thou art paſt the Tirants ſtroake,
Care no more to cloath and eate,
To thee the Reede is as the Oake:
The Scepter, Learning, Phyſicke muſt,
All follow this and come to duſt.

Guid. Feare no more the Lightning flaſh.
Arui. Nor th'all-dreaded Thunderſtone.
Gui. Feare not Slander, Cenſure raſh.
Arui. Thou haſt finiſh'd Ioy and mone.

[1] a-foot.

sumθiŋz æ-fort. soft, soft! wi:l no: defens;
obe:dĭent æz đe skæbærd. hwæt iz he:r?
đe skriptiurz ov đe loiæl le:onæ:tus,
a:l turnd tu heresi? æwæi, æwæi,
korupterz ov mij fæiθ! iu ʃæl no mo:r
bi stum(æ)kerz tu mij hært. đus mæi pu:r fu:lz
bili:v fa:ls te:tʃerz: đou đo:z đæt ær bitræid
du fi:l đe tre:z,n ʃærpli, jit đe træitor
stændz in wurs kæ:s ov wo:. . . . . .

* * *

Act IV. Scene II.

[soŋ.]

gijde:rĭus.] fe:r no mo:r đe he:t od sun,
nor đe fiurĭus winterz ræ:dʒez;
đuw đij worldli tæsk hæst dun,
ho:m ært go:n, ænd tæ:n đij wæ:dʒez:
gould,n lædz ænd girlz a:l must,
æz tʃimni-swi:perz, kum tu dust.

ærvirægus.] fe:r no mo:r đe fruwn od gre:t;
đuw ært pæst đe tijrænts stro:k;
kæ:r no mo:r tu klo:d ænd e:t;
tu đi: đe ri:d iz æz đe o:k:
đe septer, lerniŋ, fizik, must
a:l folo: đis, ænd kum tu dust.

gijde:rĭus.] fe:r no mo:r đe lijtniŋ-flæʃ,
ærvirægus.] nor đa:l-dre(:)ded θunder-sto:n;
gijde:rĭus.] fe:r not slænder, sensiur ræʃ;
ærvirægus.] đuw hæst finiʃt dʒoi ænd mo:n:

Both. All Louers young, all Louers muſt,
Conſigne to thee and come to duſt.

Guid. No Exorciſor harme thee,
Arui. Nor no witch-craft charme thee.
Guid. Ghoſt vnlaid forbeare thee.
Arui. Nothing ill come neere thee.
Both. Quiet conſumation haue,
And renowned be thy graue.

bo:θ.] a:l luverz juŋ, a:l luverz must
konsijn tu ði:, ænd kum tu dust.

gijde:rĭus.] no: eksorsijzer hærm ði:!
ærvirægus.] nor no witʃkræft tʃærm ði:!
gijde:rĭus.] go:st unlæid forbe:r ði:!
ærvirægus.] noθiŋ il kum ne:r ði:!
bo:θ.] kwijet konsiumæ:sĭon hæ:v;
ænd renuwned bi: ðij græ:v!

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